

"During all these years I have been able to keep to the consecration of my boyish years."

—The General.

"Train your children for God."

"The measure of your love is the measure of your salvation."

—The General.

WAR

CRY



VOL. XI. No. 2. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, OCT. 13, 1894.

[HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

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WELCOME, GENERAL!

(SEE FRONTPISPIECE)

The scene depicted on our frontispiece is no mere stretch of the imagination, but a just suggestion of the wholesome character of the welcome that is being and will be accorded the General during his stay in our glorious Dominion.

In delivering his great farewell address at a huge mass gathering of people in Queen's Hall, London, Monday, 10th ult., the General acknowledged the "clear sightedness of the Canadians," adding "they see what an important bearing the Salvation Army will have upon the welfare of the world." In confirmation of the General's remark, we quote from that important organ, the *Halifax Herald*, of September 24th:—

General Booth is one of the great men of this age—who knows the condition of the masses, and has clear cut ideas of practical methods to reach and help them—who, perhaps more than any other man of this century, has stamped his personality upon the religious and irreligious world. He has created what is regarded as the most perfect and complete organization of modern times, and enriched the globe with his societies. A man of great executive ability, he is a born ruler of men; and is virtually undisputed sovereign of a vast army of men and women dwelling in every clime. But he rules only by love. He is a thinker who has thought out and has made extraordinary strides in solving the great question of how to reach and deal with the submerged and lapsed masses. The General is a man of great military bearing, with silver hair and white whiskers, notwithstanding a slight stoop in the shoulders and the burden of half a century of the most arduous and self-sacrificing toil, still looks "every inch a soldier," and boasts of being still as young in spirit as he is capable of being in the prowess of his soldiers. He is a powerful speaker. He throws himself body and soul into his speeches. He talks in italics straight to the people: not over their heads—to his audience individually, not collectively. His prayers are out of the common run. He doesn't shout at or preach to God or his audience; but he earnestly talks with God as his best friend and constant companion. General Booth is a man of power, and force, and magnetism. It was such a man that 4,000 or 5,000 people crowded Carleton Square on Saturday night to welcome to Canada.

Dr. A. B. McKAY, Superintendent of Education, in the course of his welcome address to the General, said:

They had to welcome General Booth because he was doing essential work in so effective a way. (Applause.) Born and bred and developed in the centre of population of this empire of England, and under the shadow of the highest influences, he yet had moved the heart of the greatest empire of the world in such a way as to make no one in the centre of things had done. Therefore they could welcome him as a man of genius and a man who should be dear to the heart of every member of the empire, no matter to what race he might belong. (Hear, hear.) General Booth's words had stirred the world from centre to circumference, and had gone forth not only in the English tongue, but in all languages. And by what means had this been done? By the spirit of a brother or a brother to each one in the audience, no matter whether premier or working in a more humble position in the community. (Applause.) Finally, they could welcome him as an Englishman whom everyone could afford to love because of the love he bore to our common humanity. (Applause.)

And the Hon. W. S. FIELDING's remarks were no less hearty and appreciative. He said, amongst other things:

The present meeting was certainly unique and remarkable in its character. It was a grand meeting so far as its numbers were concerned, and grand in its representative capacity, for, knowing as well a very large portion of the community, he could assure General Booth that he had before him a representation of all classes of citizens of Halifax to bid him welcome. (Applause.) Most heartily did he (the premier), both for himself and in an official capacity, offer the cordials of a hearty welcome. If from no other motive than curiosity, he would do well to come to the gatherings to look into the face of the man who occupied such a large part of the world's interest and admiration. Few men or women, be they kings, queens, emperors, or governors, have a right to a higher place than General Booth. (Applause.) When they thought that but a few years ago there was no such organization, and that in the life time of a man who was yet young, and who, they hoped, had many years of life be-

Education.—"Capt. Green, I have called to ask you a few questions about your Harvest Festival meetings. The S.A. is never behind with their new schemes to attract the attention of the public. What is the object of this Festival?"

"I suppose some people would say it is only money we are after?"

"Oh, yes, yes, that is understood."

"As God has blessed us during the past year, we have put forth our efforts to have a thank-offering to Him for His goodness, thereby showing our gratitude to God by bringing gifts to be sold so as to help to save others who may not have been blessed as we have."

fore him for the presentation of the work in which he was engaged, this great force had been called into existence, and this vast work was going through the world, and when for, they remembered that under the divine guidance, it was all the outcome of this one big heart and brain, they realized that in the person of General Booth they had before them

ONE OF THE MASTER MINDS OF THE WORLD

We are quite sure in prophesying that these good words of welcome and encouragement are but typical of the kindness that will be extended to our revered leader wherever his form is seen in our fair and intelligent land. God bless him! Let us pray that his Canadian tour may be the most God-glorying and man-blessing campaign of all his fifty years' warfare.

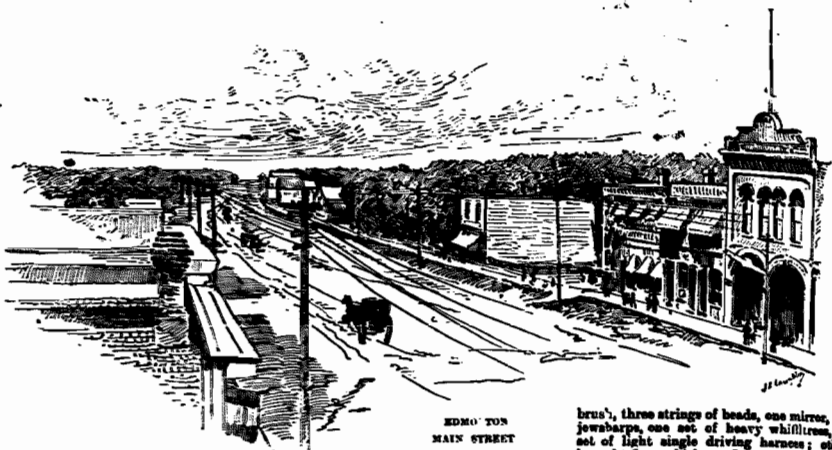
"Salvationist," Labrador—Indian Teckie.—Truly I can say the Lord has been present with us ever since we left Tillamook. We have had a very nice time. We have not had to drop the second anchor since we left. We have seen quite a few soldiers, and have seen the means in God's hands of encouraging them.

We were in Ship Harbor on Sunday, and there being only a few people there we went over to Occidental Harbor and held a meeting. Had a very nice time. Came home to our own little vessel, and for the first time we held a meeting on board. A nice crowd, a good time, and one soul saved, and if the wind had not sprung up from the north-east and blown so hard we would have had another one, but we must keep believing. It is wonderful! Inconvenient visiting. There is no such and all the craft is gone down the shore. All the boys are well saved and working away with all their hearts. I love them with all my heart. We have got her converted into a Training Garrison. Rules and regulations right through the block. We mean to do our best for Jesus and try to bring poor sinners to His bleeding feet. I love this kind of work. Jesus is helping me in a wonderful way.

The Salvationist is about all that can be required for sailing in rough water. She went thirty-three miles in three hours, almost close by the wind. Everyone is very much pleased with her. They all call her a beauty, and I believe they say the truth.—CAPTAIN.

Cornwall.—The Harvest Festival meetings here were full of blessing. A unique march created much interest on Saturday night; flags, torches, and transparencies, men on horseback, Junior's singing band in wigmats, etc., etc., attracted to everyone there something unusual was going on in the Salvation Army.

On Sunday afternoon one soul sought Christ, and at night another woman knelt at the penitential-fence and has since taken her place on the platform.—L. E. T.



EDMONTON
MAIN STREET

"Was your effort successful?"

"Yes, considering the financial depression throughout the country, I consider it was very good."

"How did you go about it?"

"Getting everybody to join us; asking the people in the open-air, meetings, and at their homes; giving our soldiers and friends cards to collect monies and gifts of all kinds—such as wheat, oats, barley, corn, pigs, hens, hares and vegetables."

"Did you get any of these things?"

"Yes, a few."

"Name some of them."

"One logging chain, two bushels of potatoes, three dolls, one bottle of ink, one shoe,

brush, three strings of beads, one mirror, two jews' harps, one set of heavy whiffletrees, one set of light single driving harness; others brought flax, chickens, fowls, and a black crow. All were sold after the banquet, Rev. Booth acted as auctioneer. The harvest was all that could be desired. Mrs. E. W. W.—set the tables in a very nice and tasty way."

"How much was your target?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Did you reach it?"

"Yes, away above it. We realized

SEVENTY DOLLARS."

"How is your work progressing?"

"Souls are being saved and converts made into soldiers. Meetings are well attended. The junior work is carried on by 120. We have from forty to fifty children. Many of them will become soldiers."—ART. LILLY 2ND.

CURIOS, HAPPENINGS, FACTS AND FIGURES IN CONNECTION

WITH THE
HARVEST FESTIVALS
THROUGHOUT THE
GREAT NORTH-WEST AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY MAJOR READ.

True it is that very little was written up in the *Cry* by the Western Provincial Office about the Harvest Festival previous to its coming into effect. Lack of time was the cause. Notwithstanding this we have done fairly well. Before figures are quoted, let me give a few interesting facts relative to this glorious scheme as carried out in the Western Province.

At New Westminster a most miscellaneous collection of things were donated. Among the said collection there was actually a tin of soap.

At Victoria the hand organs were dressed up in cow boys clothes, thus attracting great crowds and a using untold interest.

Calgary citizens donated all kinds of articles from a live steer to a set of three small tinblins. Calgary's collection also included ducks and chickens.

Winnipeg helped splendidly. Canned meat and fruit was gladly donated. All kinds of clothing was made up for sale. We noticed a brand new neatly painted wagon sent on the platform. Ensign Levery and her aides made things hot.

Sixty bushels of good wheat was donated at Rapid City. This turned in a good amount of cash. A big bunch of rich plums helped to decorate the barrows of a certain car.

Six dollars worth of good yarn was donated to the Harvest Festival Scheme at Morden. This was a good stroke of business. We shall learn as we go on.

We are now in a very fair position to give *Cry* readers a rough estimate as to what has been done throughout the North-West and British Columbia. It is not perfect however. The plans set marked with a star we are not certain about. The figures for these may be more or less:—

Vancouver, \$2400; Winnipeg, \$300; "Port Arthur, \$200; "New Westminster, 107; "Portage, \$100; "Calgary, \$100; "Prince Albert, \$90; "Moosejaw, \$89; "Edmonton, \$70; "Saskatoon, \$50; "Morden, \$50; "Neepawa, \$30; "Moosejaw, \$16; "Rapid City, \$47; "Edmonton, \$40; "Morden, \$35; "Carberry, \$30; "Port Arthur, \$25; "Fort William, \$25; "Moosejaw, \$17; "Vermes, \$7.—Total, \$1,997 or about \$2,000.

VICTORIA topped the list; WINNIPEG came next; VANCOUVER did well; NEW WESTMINSTER worked hard.

Prince Albert, Saskatoon and Moosejaw went over their target, and we shall be able to give more particulars later on.

By the help of God, we can do more next year. We gain experience as we go along.

Bridgewater, N. S.—Three souls out on Sunday night. Hallelujah dance. Believing for more to follow.—PEARL HANN.

Yarmouth, N. S.—Sunday was a red-letter day, when four backsliders were captured, and many more wounded. The soldiers are full of fire for God and souls.—CAPTAIN CRYST.

Bellefleur.—Ensign Wiseman and wife left the quarters for a twenty-three mile trip to a little town called Twiss. They were encouraged much by hearing that Lieut. Harris had gone over his target, also that the corps was looking up, plenty to eat, crowds getting better, etc. Back again to Bellefleur: went out looking up converts and soldiers. Anticipating to be in DESERONTON on Monday, but were prevented by notice from Brigadier Scott that he and "Half Captain Sharp would visit them. The underground was not as subtle as the crowd was disappointed, but had a good meeting. Two held up their hands for prayer.

Next morning, Ensign and myself sailed to Picton, and then by rail to BLOOMFIELD, where Capt. Yarrow and Lieut. Glass are going to victory. A good march, followed by a good meeting. Sold some uniforms.

Picton. Officers said Captain with a Job's comforter on his foot. Lieutenant weak after suffering intensely from fever. Good meeting. Band in attendance. Good meeting. Two raised their hands for prayer. Home to Bellefleur. Busy about General's visit, the Naval Brigade, and the funeral of our comrade.—A. A. K.

RECONCILIATION!

Brantford.—On the Square we had a reviving meeting. Captain announced a great congregation meeting. He said we had the hallelujah brick-maker, moulder, consider, fisher from Newfoundland, hand and householder. All wondered what was coming off. Soldiers all on fire, popping up all over. Thursday, one soul out; he came through the war at Quebec some years ago. A Frenchman.

Sunday night, a rouser. Insects everywhere, fire, especially the bee's, doctored; their feet got loose, so around the notes they take a march. Sing? Well, I guess they can. After the meeting was closed, and most of the soldiers gone home, one dear brother rolled into the fountain.

At knee-drill, Bro. Fisher said when he got saved the place would only hold fifty people, and the preacher had a p-o-k-ing-box for a pulpit, and all the salary that he got was a chunk of beef, or something else, laid down at his feet.

At night we marched out twenty-one strong in a big crowd in open-air. Dusted Charlie sang. One brother spoke in French. After some straight firing one sister volunteered.—J. B. BRILL, B. C.

THE GENERAL'S NEW WORLD TOUR.

Stepping Ashore at Newfoundland.

DEEP DISAPPOINTMENT CAUSED BY THE COMMANDANT'S ABSENCE.

His Gallant but Unavailing Efforts to be Present.

GREAT MID-NIGHT WELCOME, IN WHICH THE PREMIER AND SIR ROBERT THORBURN TAKES PART.

A Day of Splendor—Magnificent Meetings—Thousands Delighted with the Social Scheme—Presentation of Address, Signed by Leading Citizens.

The General's BRITISH FAREWELL.

"WORDS THAT BURN."



"GOOD BYE, DARLING."

On Monday, September 10th, ult., the General held his farewell meeting to the British wing of the Army, at the famed Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London. It was an impressive, affectionate and enthusiastic demonstration.

Says our British contemporary:

Boisterous and prolonged were the volleys as the General rose. His audience appeared to gather from his very look and action that the time had arrived for the delivery of his farewell charge. The atmosphere was electric. Hurdles of the persistent "Hallelujahs" and "Amen"s that arose from every part of the building, the General proceeded with his opening sentences, which, we fear,

only the small army of reporters sitting immediately below him were privileged to catch a word or two.

We have said the General was in good form. But that is not sufficiently expressive. He was fervent. Seldom, if ever, have his eyes, gestures, and fervour spoke as they did on Monday night. They revealed the profound regard he attached to the influence that meeting would have upon the entire Army. And his feeling was reciprocated. His remarks were followed, now with breathless silence and then punctuated with loud enthusiastic plaudits. The ground he traversed exhausted the desire of every one for information and inspiration; and although he had to devote considerable time to a sketch of his tour and the opportunities of the Army in the countries to be visited, we forgot all about these and other incidents in his grand rally to the war at the close. We were reminded of our own sacred trust from the Most High. It was a truly wonderful gathering, and when the General sank into his chair, and the Chief rose to ask for a formal pledge to follow along the path mapped out to us by the General, and Commissioner Mrs. D. J. Tucker prayed, and the General lent his head on his arm and rubbed the moisture from his eyes, it is no exaggeration to say that the densely-packed building was moved. A stifled, subdued, hallowed feeling covered the altar of our consecration, not a few adding tears to their sweats.

An Electric Moment.

The spirit in which the General has come to us may be judged from the following electric sentences, evidently the outcome of deep, personal, whole-souled acceptance and digestion of the Truth, as it is in Jesus, combined with an uttermost intense passion to fight the battles of the Lord. He says:—

"And now, what shall I say to you, and through you to the soldiers of the Salvation Army throughout the world, as though it were my last word? What I say will go echoing and reverberating through the medium of our twenty-seven War Cry to the most distant parts of the earth, and I put it all into one word. I say to you all—you who are soldiers, you who are good soldiers, who love your God and who love your General, you who would like to be soldiers but who won't wear the uniform because you are so horribly proud—to you each and all I say,

Fight! Fight! Fight!



—English Cry.

"What is an Army for? What does it mean? It means fighting. The Salvation Army is a God-made organization. (Volleys.) It was not made by any human plan. Nothing of the kind. God Almighty brought this organization into existence, and has made us an Army. When Jesus Christ departed into heaven, He told His disciples that they were to be witnesses for Him. They were witnesses for Him, and it was enough that they were witnesses for Him. And we to-day are His witnesses, and must prove the sincerity of our witness. You are an Army to witness—among your families and neighbors, in the workshop, or wherever you go. Get the power of God in your souls. Go and testify that God has power on earth to forgive sins, and that the Holy Ghost can come down upon you as a living flame and burn up the dross, and inspire you, and spur you on to victory. Go and fight! If you are right with God, you must fight.

An Example.

"Fight what? Ah! don't we all know! I have just been forcibly reminded of the time when the children of Israel and the Philistine hosts were gathered together in battle-array in opposite ranks, and there came forward that stalking giant who defied the army of the Living God. The Philistines were their enemies, and you have your enemies. You know them quite well. There is that

Monster Giant—Drink,

who stalks about in every city and town and neighborhood and village. There he is, with all his ferocity and voracity, the author of vice, crime, seductions, robbery, rape, murder, suicide, and damnable sins of every kind. How the accursed monster lives and thrives! What is to be done? Fight him! Fight him! ("God help us!")

HALIFAX, from George's Island.

"There is the brother

Giant of Uncleanliness

How he stalks about! The bashfulness has gone from his brow, and he comes forward with a manner of effrontery and impudence. To the sound of the sweetest music he deludes his victims in the broad glare of daylight as well as by night. Oh, what a monster! What is to be done! He is growing stronger and more daring and determined day by day. He crawls into the legislature and puts his evil almost upon the pulpit. What a ruler we could have of things! What is to be done with him? Fight him!

"I might refer to the giant of war and to his war dogs; to the gambling giant; to the giants of luxury and ease. Then there is

That Horrible Pharisaical Giant—

he who sits in the congregation; who says, 'Am I not a member in the Church of the Elect? 'Am I not a believer? 'Have I not been baptized? 'Don't I take the Holy Sacrament? 'Am I not clothed in white raiment? While all the while he is full of hypocrisy and deceit, mercilessly grinding the faces of the poor, and will not lift up a hand to exterminate the foul demons to which I have referred. Oh, my God, what will you do with him? Fight him! Fight him! Fight them one and all with

Clean Hands

—you can't fight them without. Be clean. Have no baby giants in your soul, none of these evils in your own heart. Stand clear of them, with your own hearts washed in the blood of the Lamb. Fight them with more compassion, more compassion, more love. If you love the bodies and souls of men, you will fight for them. Love them with the love of Christ, and this you will do if you are a Christ-man and a Christ-woman. If not, you are none of His. You are only a painted sepulchre.

The Life of Luxury.

"I was talking only four days ago with a lady, dressed in the height of fashion. She put her hand out and said to me, 'General, what can I do? I have not the forgiveness of sins; I have got clean heart, and the experience of His keeping power. But can I get this compassion, this care for the people? I live a very comfortable life—I am very comfortable.' Well, I had to say, in reply, 'You must come out of your comfort.' And I say to you here, you cannot be Christ-men and Christ-women and be comfortable; the two things are contrary the one to the other. How can people be comfortable when they see those around them going to hell, and how can they believe in Jesus Christ if they do not believe in doing their utmost to save people from going to hell?

An Incentive to Compassion.

"Go and look at our Shelter at Blackfriars, and see perhaps a thousand men there in poverty, and wretchedness, and rage. That will fill you with compassion. You will want to speak to them of Jesus Christ, because Jesus Christ is their only Deliverer. Go to Pictouville; go to the public-houses; go to the haunts of the harlot. Go and fight for them, with more pity, more courage, with more skill. We want more cleverness, more ability. Where are your children? What are you training your children for? Are you training them to be disciples of Christ and saviours of mankind? I was saying to myself last night, and I leave it on record, that if I thought one of my sons or daughters was training any of my children for other than this, I would write the names of father and mother on the black board of my memory; I would down them on earth, and down them in heaven. Train your children for God. (Profound feeling.)



"FAMILIAR FACES ON THE PLATFORM"

"If I did not work for and desire these things, what can I do? I am going to America! I can afford a cottage near the water, and I would go and have a fishing-rod, and get a dog, and go and get something to eat, and get up my vegetarianism. I would eat and drink, for to-morrow I die. Oh, you backsliding Salvationists: you who have got some chairs and tables, an eight-day clock, and a feather bed, come out from your lethargy; gird your armor on; talk to your neighbors; fight with more desperation! What a milk-and-water lot we are! Where is your fighting spirit? You are Laodiceans. You know you are! Let us go at it! We have no time to lose. Remember that brave telegraphist who stuck to his instrument while the flames enveloped him, warning those of a neighboring place of their danger. He fell a charred corpse, but the message was dispatched and the people escaped. That's the sort of fighting! (Volleys) They will call you fools and madmen. What does that matter? Many a man has cursed me, and has wanted to fight me before his salvation, but the moment he got saved, he has wanted to kiss me. (Laughter.)

A Burning Charge.

"We are too polite. Go right into the battle and fight. Strive for the salvation of men's souls, even against their will. Go straight on. I will guarantee you against all the consequences that may happen. Fight, fight, with more faith, more determination. Fight for God, and fight for souls. Fight for poor perishing souls, not only to get them out of the public-houses and the brothels, but fight for them in the barracks, fight for them on your knees, fight for them at the penitential form. If I were dying here to-night, if I were on my last bed here on this platform, this would be my final command—Fight! With my last breath, with my last strength from the fluttering life in my bowels, I would give you this last word—Fight! Fight the enemies of God and man. Officers, soldiers, Christian friends, to you all I say, fight, fight, fight for God and humanity, and when the battle is over, I will meet you in the skies!" (Prolonged volleys.)

EN ROUTE FOR CANADA.

Immediately after the pilot boat had left the "Carthaginian," the General who had kindly had placed at his disposal the captain's cabin, set to work on literary matters, dealing especially with a paper of great importance to our literature. Before we retired to our berths he conducted a short but warm prayer meeting with the members of our party.

Next morning the General arose in good health and spirits, and during the day was to be seen seated in his deck chair absorbed in correspondence and other matters. This was an excellent sign that he had recovered from the tremendous strain of the farewell meetings. The weather was bright and warm, and we did not lose sight of the Irish coast till towards evening. Everyone on board was not only most kindly disposed towards us, but many listened eagerly to the General's explanations of his social and spiritual work. A Belfast gentleman in particular was most friendly, and handed to the War Cry man a donation in aid of the general fund of the Army.

On Sunday morning, in the dining-saloon, the General conducted, by the request of Captain Fraser, a service, which was attended by most of the first-class passengers, some of the officers of the ship, and others. By an earnest, practical address a deep impression was made upon the minds of the little congregation; some expressed themselves as having received a distinct blessing.

The weather, in the early part of the day, had been delightful, but about 2.30

A Sudden Gale

struck the ship, and for three or four hours blinding spray, roaring wind and deafening waves, did their best to prevent the progress of the "Carthaginian." No less than four sails were shattered, but beyond this no damage was received, the vessel and the crew behaving in a most praiseworthy fashion.

Our vessel made good time, and we reached St. John's, Newfoundland, near midnight.

We had no sooner been moored to the Shear wharf than a stalwart Salvation figure ran up the plank the moment it was fixed. The Commandant, of course! No—to our dismay. But there was no mistaking the loving heartiness with which Newfoundland's P. O. grasped the hands of the General, upon whose face he had not looked for many a long year, or the glow with which his staff hailed the sight.

And here was the Premier, A. F. Goodridge, Esq., and here an ex-Premier—and a true friend—Sir Robert Thorburn; and there alongside the zinc-roofed Custom House a large plank platform, and below an enthusiastic, excited, ever-increasing crowd, peeping and pushing, and pointing, and panting. But all this will be Dutch to the reader without some little explanation, even at the risk of again leaving our party in mid-night mist. First, and most curious of all, the manner by which the Commandant had arranged to come from Halifax to St. John's was,

through an unfortunate chain of circumstances, when this was a trifle, though an aggravating one, to

The Demolition's Resourceful Chief,

who at once made for another vessel. This one managed to break down at the last moment, and had to be docked. Therefore, no Commandant. The latest appointment could not have exceeded the General's, and locally, who could have foreseen the record beating run of the "Carthaginian." Notwithstanding, the wharf was gazed with hunting, and

A Great Bomb of Loving Welcome

ready to be discharged. But when evening lived and did without bringing any sign of the eagerly expected ship, it was concluded that to-morrow was deemed as the reception day. When, therefore, towards Tuesday mid-night, the "Carthaginian's" entrance into the bay was signalled, it went things flying. In double quick time a band got out and marched away. This awoke numbers of sleeping inhabitants to the state of the case, and though in our coming into view it is said that only fifty people were on the wharf, by the time the General set foot on "Cow's Floor," (to quote Staff Captain McLean's much maligned and the largest crowd assembled that the landing stage has ever accommodated, many completing the process of robbing between their houses and that spot.

Almost borne to the platform, the General held his head in defiance of the rain. As soon as the cheering permitted he raised his voice to public pitch for the first time in Newfoundland. His words were few and effective, an apology for calling them out

"At This Unseasonably Warm"

and in such unpleasant weather; a "thank you" for his hearty welcome ascribed him; an assurance that he had come to try and benefit and bless them, and a good night (or good morning) "God bless you." Then he was driven away, with Colonel Lawley, to the residence of Sir Robert Thorburn, whose guest he remained whilst in St. John's, and where he received from Lady Thorburn and her daughter a continuation of the courteous kindness with which Sir Robert greeted him on his arrival. Lady Thorburn is well known and appreciated in the Capital. She is not only the President of an important branch of the Women's Temperance Union, but takes a deep, practical interest in the Army's Rescue Work. Get second her in her holy enterprise.

Morning, added by a brilliant sun, showed off to advantage one of the best harbours loved by the Atlantic, as your correspondent, who slept on board, had a chance of noting. At its narrowest part it is only half a mile across, but the ample enclosure within is both deep and ever calm. Lying in mid stream were the *Salvationist* and *Glad Tidings*, two pretty little crafts belonging to Canada's Salvation Navy. From bow to stern they displayed strange of Army colors. Between

Twenty and Thirty Officers

had been brought by these trim boats from various parts on the Island to take part in the meetings and demonstrations.

Looking towards the town it is soon apparent that the ground on which it is built is of the mountain and wild type. Its appearance at first, from the large wooden and wood-built dwellings, is almost Continental. For information, the great, devastating conflagration of two years ago was recalled, the place where it started pointed out, and its effects—well, they were everywhere visible. Even yet many dismantled abodes remain, while fresh buildings are still being completed. The fact is, though one of our barracks lay in the line of the fire that swept away half of the town, was almost unscathed, while the Cathedral, further off, was destroyed, and of peculiar interest to Salvationists. With a few exceptions the place is very English—the shops very cosmopolitan. One difference of personal interest to your "Carthaginian" is the style of the vehicles in fashion. In one of them—termed a rig, a kind of a four-wheeled conveyance—he witnessed his person, reassured by the thought that Colonel Lawley had already done so with no ill results. Up hill and down he sped, driven by a genial Salvation soldier. Corners were "cut" and precipices "skirted," but all went well. Then a "turn" was engaged; but the space was limited, and the side of the road steep. The consequent tilt was too much for the rig and its occupants.

Over the Three West,

the only man grasping his camera and maintaining the weight of the driver. If—by mercifully the way was so quiet as the proved sure-footed, and a couple of sharp blades alone remained to tell the tale. To a Newfoundland mind this style of scampering over corners is perfectly natural, but your English ears (and nerves on another scale). The explanation, and of roads is, I understand, the scarcity of the proper building stone is a scarce article, while the stones are not quarried, and both have to be imported from "abroad."

A fire of another description was raging from early morning till late at night, the Wednesday that the General spent here—a glowing Salvation flame, at which we have reason to believe thousands warmed their hearts and kindled their zeal. Into a ground floor room of the large Temperance Hall, over seventy officers—nearly all Islanders—were assembled at ten o'clock.

Very few of them, with the exception of Major Morris, and our "old" friend Adjutant Smetton, at present in charge of the Southern District, had ever seen the Chief, under whose leadership they were for souls. The thrill which his entrance caused may therefore be imagined. These dear officers are simple, teachable folks, and like the majority of their country men and women, of sturdy physique.

The General's Fatherly Talk

had mettle in it which they appreciated—it increased their backbone, and carried them away with a conquering spirit of emulation. Into Colonel's Lawley's songs they dropped with the delight of ducks into water, and service and song may be said to have received a swing which will carry a soul of souls into the harbor.

The Army's standing in the Island is most hopeful. Major Morris has under his energetic charge, and is based up in it, not only by Mr. Morris but by his eight years' Canadian experience, thirty corps and seventy officers. Two of the three corps are in St. Johns. Also two Training Homes and sixty-three candidates. The representative vitality of the work is attested by the twenty officers just being sent to the assistance of Canada. Mr. Morris says cheerily: looks after a flourishing little Home House which is, alas, all too small for the needs of the place. Eight girls are in it at present; while during its short career it has been the means of some blessed upliftings.

There is also the Naval force, already noticed. The Major has developed into a true Canadian, which means to say that he is still the strong, honest officer who, years ago, when he was appointed from the command of a corps in a Colliery District of England to more "refined" London, and an officer remarked to him across his plain and direct Salvation talk, "This may do for the colliers, but it won't do for London," promptly replied,

"I must be myself

as before." He went to Chalk Farm, was "himself," and God failed not to abundantly bless him. Judging from our twenty-four hours' acquaintance of him, he is still wholly and solely a Blood-and-fire man, and his family are following in his steps. The eldest son, "Harry," is now the Officer at the Toronto Headquarters with the rank of Esquire, while the second son is Serjeant at Kingston.

From two to three o'clock, St. Johns was largely of men. The officers, local corps, and comrades representing all parts of the territory processed the streets, making them resplendent in color and full of the echoes of music and song. Having been joined by the General, the route was taken to the Parade Riak through the thickening crowd, which increased to immense proportions at the stopping point. Some cheered, others gazed in silent and fixed curiosity. The workmen engaged on several ecclesiastical structures forsook the trowel and the mortar for a moment, and from such vantage heights of towers and steeples, or the humbler rubbish heap, pointed out to each other the man with whose name they were all familiar.

The Bay, to a back ground, was one of nature's best sights to be seen, though lacking the blue curling wreath of fog which crowned the cliff tops in the early morning, and is so characteristic of the country.

Two Thousand and More

led into the great wooden structure. Some of the poor students and employees of the town were said to have offered \$100 if we could secure the general closing of the establishments they represented; but though this impracticable, many business places put up their shutters. Admission was by ticket, 15c. and 25c. respectively. All grades and masses and classes were strongly in force, and I judge all more or less connected with religious organizations. It was a big opportunity, was this first public meeting of the Tour, and God made the General marvelously equal to it.

Through the loop hole of the opening door, he made a thrust at pride and shamefacedness. "So far from wearing our uniform, I am not sure whether some of you would be willing to walk about the streets of St. Johns with the golden crown you hope to wear in the New Jerusalem; but if you think you are going to put the crown without the cross, it is a great mistake." The children would have to go all the days of their lives in heaven without a cap or bunnet or a crown, a kind of a half-headed business.

Colonel Lawley having introduced his ever fresh experiences in a catching new song, with chorus,

"My sin was so high as a mountain;
He washed them away in the fountain;
He put my name down
For a palace and crown,
Henceforth our name, I am free!"

The General asked, "What shall I talk about?" That night he had been requested to devote to his

"Darkest England" Scheme,

so he wanted to make the utmost possible use of the next hour or so. He had appealed to his Father about the matter, and it seemed he could not do better than take the common theme, in which they were all more or less interested—Salvation. What is to be a Christian? He was not talking to the Hindus or the Japanese, but to people who had been cradled in Christianity, brought up on religious milk.

For the next hour, but convicting speech bubbled forth. The General took his congregation to Christianity's Author, and bade them look at Him for the only satisfactory answer to his question. On one characteristic of a real follower—the same absorbing purpose as Christ had—he effectively fell back upon his own experience. "Do you go about the world saying, 'Oh, that these hands were free to do nothing but go up and down the world saving men and women from hell?' Fifty years ago that spirit took possession of me."

"Suppose Jesus Christ had said when all was ready for the accomplishment of the world's redemption—speaking of the glorious heaven where He lived, 'This is my drawing room. I have got my friends and my comforts here; I will pray for them down there, and help anybody who will go to their assistance.' Had He done this, He would not have been the Christ; but He flew down to our relief—you know He did." (A burst of fervent thankfulness from many of the congregation.)

"Oh, men and women, I am talking to some of you, I know I am, who have had, so to speak, the romance of religion, for religion is the

Most Romantic Thing

under heaven. Now on your knees you have wept and vowed when you have thought of the dying world and the suffering Christ, and said, 'My God, let me go!' You have come out at holiness meetings, knelt down and given God yourself, and your husband, and your children, and said, 'Lord, anywhere.' Then the first time your Lord has come and asked you to do something, which has had a cross in it—putting with your money, or the giving up of your fashionable things—you have shrunk back, saying, 'I cannot do it,' and gone on singing, 'I receive the pardoning, and calling yourself a Christian. This cannot be! It must not be!'

Or what could have been more straight, simple, and effective than the following list at the holiness of professions: "Some people when they get a baby, fall down and say their prayers to the baby instead of to the Lord Who gave it." Finally, as if heking over all the props, the General solemnly declared, "The church has no power to pardon sin, nor to write your name in heaven, nor to make you holy. All we can do, and I do it, is to say, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'"

Owing to the closeness of the hour at which the meeting had commenced, and the fact that the people outside were already waiting admission to the evening gathering, a prayer meeting had scarcely been contemplated, but the General announced a few moments for this purpose. The spirit of prayer was kindled—Newfoundland soldiers displaying earnestness and faith in their pleading—and some came, and with better weeping.

Acknowledged Unfaithfulness,

and claimed His sufficient grace for future service. Could that meeting but have been prolonged, a golden harvest of penitents would most surely have been reaped. As it was, may God make Mr. Morris the reaper.

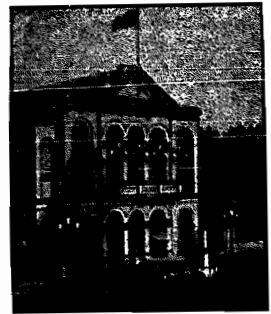
THE DARKEST ENGLAND MEETING,

also held in the riak, I am tempted to classify as the best ever held in or out of England. In some respects, I am absolutely certain it excelled, in the immense general interest it created, in the profound feeling of approval it produced, and in the unprecedentedly eloquent and earnest presentation of the scheme which the occasion called forth from the General. This final address finished for our Newfoundland comrades and friends as fine a portrait of the leader of the Salvation hosts as the many hearts that know him in the Old Country could have possibly desired. In his speaking all day it had been as though the life-filled Atlantic breeze had incorporated themselves in it, so that it came forth with a vitality and readiness perfectly astonishing.

The riak is a wooden wilderness, flat-roofed, and dark. It was as much as the Chinese lanterns and the paper ornamentations could do to relieve and brighten the nakedness of the structure. Still, it will seat three thousand people and that was in this case the utmost consideration. As it was, a large number sought in vain to get inside, for, from platform to gallery, and stretching away into the dim back recesses, it was a "packed" affair.

The Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite

(Methodist) occupied the chair, while the many influential



ACADEMY OF MUSIC, HALIFAX.

personages on the platform included the Premier (A. F. Goodridge, Esq.), Sir Robert and Lady Thornburn and daughter and O. H. Barnhill, Esq., O. E.

Colonel Lawley having asked in prayer that the meeting might be the breaking of a better day in things spiritual and social. The chairman assured us that he regarded it as a very high honor to be asked to preside on this occasion, and with those present to welcome to their shores the man who, under God, was the

Father of the Salvation Army,

the greatest religious movement of this 19th century. (Applause) There were times in one's life when the hopes and longings and desires of years crowded into moments, and to him the present moment was one of those. "My soul doth magnify the Lord," that he was permitted for a brief period to stand by the side of one of the grandest heroes and workers for God and the Christian ages. (Volley) He was not drawing on his imagination for his facts when he said that, but he was speaking the words of truth and soberness. He regarded General Booth and his sainted wife as much raised up in the providence of God to formulate Christian doctrine and apply it to the wants of our fallen humanity as were any of the great reformers who had gone before.

It was not his place to occupy the time in speaking of the state of the work of the Salvation Army. It spoke for itself in almost every lead upon which the sun shines, for, blessed be God, it was

Beating the World

with its triumph for Jesus Christ. (Amens and "hear him.") No doubt the masses of people who were in sympathy with religion were also in sympathy with the Salvation Army, and he rejoiced that that organization had so many friends in the Christian churches. (Hear, hear)

The large audience to whom he (the chairman) was speaking was a great proof of the respect and sympathy which the work had inspired. God bless you, General Booth! (Amens) Somehow, whenever he gave expression to that sentiment, or breathed that prayer, a wave of glory swept over his heart. God bless General Booth and his Army, and make them a ten-fold stronger than they were. (Amens) The work was large enough and had enough to call forth the resources of all workers for God in all lands.

The Chairman here called upon Sir Robert Thornburn to present to General Booth an address of welcome from the leading citizens of St. Johns.

Sir Robert, who gently termed his talk an honor and a pleasing duty, said the address was largely and enthusiastically signed, and he believed, mostly by those who were not in active fellowship with the Salvation Army, but whose sympathies were with it in its grand work. (Applause) These signatures, this document, and this meeting testified to their appreciation of the value of the work which General Booth, assisted by

His Sainted Wife,

had for fifty years been able to do. Sir Robert trusted that the good accomplished within that comparatively short period was small compared to that which the future held in store. (Hear, hear) If they had one feeling of sadness one night it was that Mrs. Booth was not present with them in the body, but he thought she was with them in the spirit. If there was one thing more than another, he was sure it was this certainty which animated the General at this time of life to pursue the noble work in which he had been engaged for so many years. His visit was indeed a red letter day for the island, and would doubtless stimulate them to greater efforts in doing good. The speaker trusted that the reception he had met with would also encourage the General.

Referring to the glowing tribute paid by the Master

Himself to John the Baptist, when he spoke of him as more than a prophet, Sir Robert said he would not draw the parallel any further than to say that he thought the Master singularly approved of General Booth's work. Perhaps no man to-day was more widely known and loved than he was, while the memory of his sainted wife was equally cherished.

"But," said Sir Robert, "you came here to listen to

Your Grand Old Man,

the General," and proceeded to read the following address:—

"DEAR GENERAL,—On behalf of the undrugged citizen and representatives of our religious and social bodies, I beg to extend to you a most cordial welcome on this your first visit to our Colony of New Zealand. May your wish be pleasant and profitable alike to the Army, yourself, and all concerned.

"We are aware of the valuable services you have rendered to the cause of Christ and fallen humanity. We appreciate you and your co-workers' efforts most heartily. Your Daughters' England Social Scheme especially has made its mark on the history of our times, and we wish you every success in the undertaking. We rejoice in the good work already accomplished by your officers and soldiers in our midst, and are glad to recognize the good hand of God in the mighty onward march of the Salvation Army throughout the world. When we consider this year the fiftieth anniversary of your conversion, the progress of the Army is still more remarkable. May the future, by God's blessing, be even more glorious.

Wishing you every success in your mighty work, and trusting that you may long be spared to lead forward your band of noble and self-sacrificing workers,

We remain, your sincerely,

(Here follow some fifty signatures, including those of the gentlemen we have already mentioned as being on the platform.)

The address is nicely illuminated and suitably covered. After a greeting of great warmth,

The General said:

"I thank you from the very bottom of my heart for this very kindly, I might call it, effusive, reception you have accorded to me this evening. From the hour that I stepped off the steamer, somewhere about midnight, and received the warm greetings of the crowd who were on the wharf, until this moment, I have met with nothing but kindness at the hands of my friends of St. John's.

"I receive every kind expression which you, Mr. Chairman, have given voice to, and you, Sir Robert, have endorsed, and which is also contained in the address as being due to the principles which I have, in the providence of God, been able to maintain and advocate, and largely to the devotion and self-sacrifice of the comrades who

have gathered round me and assisted me in working those principles out for the benefit of mankind.

"Such meetings as this is to-night and the kind words from you, Mr. Chairman, and from the citizens of this city, serve to cheer me onward, and the recollection of them will follow me while on earth, and when I have passed away to another world, be assured I shall not forget them there." (Applause.)

"I will not attempt even to outline the two hours of eloquent, glowing explanation and appeal which followed; justice would not be done. The threefold reasoning on which the General based the necessity of such a scheme was impregnable.

Humanity, Religion, and Self-Interest

called imperatively for it. Unless something was done, the multitudes who were rolling in starvation, misery, and crime would fulfil the prophecy of one of the greatest politicians of Europe who called the end of the eighteenth century "The Terror," but said the end of the nineteenth was going to be "The Horror." The unparalleled condition of these masses would not only make them revolutionists, but madmen. "And then," said the General, with warning eloquence, "let the nations look out." You might as well have reasoned with the fire that almost swept your city out of existence.

Apt figures, affecting reclamation incidents, and keen argument characterized the whole speech, which concluded with a fervent appeal to "Let us pray," "let us live, let us love."

The Premier, A. F. Goodridge, Esq., in proposing a vote of thanks to the General said they had been not only favored with an intellectual treat, such as they seldom got in St. John's, but been given practical common sense hints how to deal with the problems of our age. It was his privilege many years ago to meet with the Salvation Army in England, when it was not received with the same respect and attention that it was now. To-day his privileges had been to look upon a General who commanded the largest Army ever handled in the world, and probably the most docile and far-reaching. Few of them who were professing Christians but recognized the good work they were doing. May their labors in New Zealand be attended with the success which

The Indomitable Pluck

of their leader had helped to win for it elsewhere.

H. C. Burchell, Esq., C. E., seconded the resolution, remarking that they were under great obligations, both to General Booth and to their General alone, for giving them the stimulus to go forth and with renewed vigor, carry out the Master's work of "doing good."

It is no exaggeration to say that this meeting was the theme of the hour. Some Methodist ministerial brethren

expressed themselves as not only captivated, but wrought up to a higher pitch of determination to do and dare more for God and man than they had ever contemplated before. By the way, I understand that the oldest minister of that denomination was largely led to decide for Christ by hearing the General speak in Cornwall many years ago, and from his affinity to the Army is still right its "Grandfather." Another bears the title of "Uncle."

After the party had supped on the hospitality of Sir Robert, and accompanied by him, we re-boarded the Orthogonion about midnight, praising God for the wonderful evidences of His power we had witnessed in New Zealand, and followed by the benedictions of the comrades and friends whom we had met there.

Our short night brought to our notice a new passenger in the shape of

A Fine Rat

which ambitiously attempted to appropriate Colonel Layley's cap. Let professors of Natural History note the discrimination displayed by the animal in totally ignoring the Captain's cap which lay alongside. Another discovery, and another sadder one, was a backslider from a Scotch crowd amongst the crew—my right young fellow who was a soldier sister to the old Colonel. Why? Well, continue to pray that he will outgrow Colonel Layley's plaiding, and return to the loving Saviour he has forsaken.

At six o'clock in the morning we again lifted anchor and steamed westward, having the bay-rotund and eight for fully sixty miles. Keeping up record speed, by two o'clock Saturday morning, we lay just outside Hutt Bay, waiting for the medical officer to come and give us a clean bill of health. This, after much and fruitless blowing of steam whistles, etc., perhaps like us he had been trying to snatch an hour or two's rest, he came alongside and duly certified.

Whilst Colonel Layley, Staff-Captain Malan and myself were gazing at the launch by which the doctor had come, lighted by a beautiful crescent moon and a whole cluster of glittering stars,

A Shadowy Form

quietly mounted the steps from lower to the upper deck, seized the Colonel's hand, and in emotion-touched halting tones uttered the words "Well, Johnnie." No more this time. The Commandant came.

He was soon in the General's cabin, at the door of which we left him to go, leaving father and son greeting, and became the recipient of Brigadier Jacob's attentions, which were warmly rewarded by "Dear old Fred." (Major Fry), Ensign and Mrs. Hunter, and the local Field Officers. Then, bag and baggage we left the ship which had carried us so well, and trod Canadian soil.



The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

International Headquarters, London.—During the last three months, we have been asked to take over five Rescue Homes.—From Mrs. Drummond Booth's address at the Women's Social Annual Thanksgiving, London.

The cosmopolitan soldier, Colonel Geo. A. Pollard, Secretary to the Chief of Staff, has been promoted to the rank of Commissioner, a most deserving promotion.

Commissioner Pollard is the Chief of the Staff's right-hand man. He was born in the thick of the Army's street-fighting days, has been all over the world, and is loved and trusted by his comrades far and near. The General's act was hailed with great satisfaction when announced at the International Headquarters.

Commissioner Lucy Booth is to be married to Colonel Hallberg, who is said to be one of the freest, jolliest officers a-going, while he is as hard as flint when it comes to standing up for flag and the rights of any poor, discouraged soul.

Colonel McKie has been appointed Acting Commissioner for Germany.

The Chief of the Staff is making slow progress towards recovery.

Brigadier and Mrs. Rothwell have been enthusiastically welcomed to Scotland. Magnificent introductory campaigns have been held in Glasgow.

The Jamaican C. P. party have recently left England for home. "Mary Jane" declared she (like our own Staff Captain Jones) will never forget the kindness of her English comrades.

Major Schoch has been engaged upon an important spiritual mission in Denmark.

The date of the Finnish Congress is fixed, and Colonel Sowton will probably be present.

Major Toft will be transferred to Denmark to succeed Major Pivron, our Chief Secretary, whose next appointment will be public property presently.

Major Thonger is recommending Florence, Leghorn, Pisa, Bologna, Venice, and Milan.

The Moderator and President of the Waldemans Synod have spoken sympathetically of our work in Italy; and, best of all, the war keeps bounding forward.

A new Sun-pot has been opened in Old Ford, London, Eng. The building is well adapted for the work. It was formerly used as a political club and a secularist lecture hall.

Commissioner Howard, our British Commander-in-Chief, has introduced Major and Mrs. Howe to Liverpool Province, with great success.

Cape Town, South Africa.—Commissioner and Mrs. Estill have fare-

welled from South Africa. Wonderful meetings; immense crowds; Metropolitan Church crowded to overflowing; monster march, were "features" of the farewell.

Commissioner Estill, born 1859 in Yorkshire, Eng. Served at Whitby, 1877. Got properly named in Salvation Army, as we soldiers were made to do, as we departed from Whitby to Christian Mission Annual Conference. At this Conference he went through his "exam." before the General, as was customary, and was accepted for the work. During his sixteen years' officership, he has commanded more of the largest regiments in Britain. Married in 1883 to Capt. M. A. Barber, by the General, in the very church where years before the General was so impressed by Caughy's preaching. He has had charge of the Irish work, of the Eastern Division of England, and of the Bristol, previous to his appointment to South Africa.

Commissioner Higgins dedicated Ruse Cape Estill to God and the war at Commissioner Estill's farewell meetings.

We call the following from Commissioner Estill's farewell address at Capetown:—"The General was to visit Australia next year, and that to him implied a visit to Africa."

Commissioner Higgins, the General's representative at South Africa, who was appointed to preside at the farewell gatherings of Commissioner and Mrs. Estill, and at Commissioner and Mrs. Reed's induction there, has had a most enthusiastic reception from the Afrikaners.

Commissioner Higgins was first attached to the Army through a Wan Chy seller. He came to the Army twelve years ago, is having been revealed to him in prayer, that he was to be a beggar. He has been the chief of the Financial Department of Great Britain since its inception, twelve years ago, till recently. The Department finds employment for between sixty and seventy persons.

In laying the foundation stone of the new Territorial Headquarters and Citadel at Cape Town, recently, Sir David Tennant, K.C.M.G., Speaker of the House of Assembly, highly eulogized the work of the Salvation Army.

The Over-Sea Colony is to be either in South Africa or Western Australia.—South Africa Ory.

Buenos Ayres.—Major Clibborn has been holding his first Council of War

in South America. It was attended by nearly all the officers of the Territorial. The British meetings were held in the Indian Hall and the Methodist Church, and was a distinct advance upon all previous demonstrations of the same character in that country.

New York City.—BOMBARDMENT OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. FOR PIONEERS.—Commander Ballington Booth has selected Adjutant and Mr. Egner to set up the Army standard on the Islands. Adjutant Egner has only been doing service at the Training Camp, San Francisco, from which he and his wife set sail on September 1st, accompanied by two female officers, Capt. Zimm and Lieut. Jeffers, of Eureka, California.

The Adjutant, an American, was his conversion to the Salvation Army. He was stationed as cadet at Kansas City, Mo. He afterwards took charge of the St. Louis and Sedalia, Wichita (Kansas), and Independence, where he was present in August and appointed A. D. C. to Major Kappel at St. Louis. From hence Adjutant Egner took charge of the Iowa district. He was next sent to take charge of the Dakota Garrison at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and later of the corps at Chicago, Ill. His first appointment was to the Men's Training Station, Oakland, where he has recently led the various victories through the blood of the Lamb. God bless the pioneer!

He has been able to pour out upon the Sandwich Islands through his immortality! The new field is an interesting one, and we anticipate that blessed results will follow his bombardment.

Melbourne, Australia.—WAR AUSTRALIA.—From Ohio we learn that the West Australian authorities have granted our folks a fine site for a barracks. The land of which it consists occupies a quarry, from which our officers are already quarrying stone for the building which, by its accounts, they are determined to erect for themselves.

FASCINATING!

NEXT WEEK'S "CRY."

ELECTRIC DESPATCH. WIRE JUST TO HAND.

The Latest About the General.

FREDERICTON, N.B., Oct. 3.

Tour a triumphal progress, New Glasgow to Fredericton. General in splendid health and spirits. Nineteen burning, spiritual Social addresses delivered. Premiers, Mayors, Ministers, people, enthusiastically welcome him. St. John week-end meetings magnificent. Marvellous demonstration in Market Square Saturday night; thousands present. Sunday, in risk, a veritable Pentecost; many souls at the Saviour's feet. Monday, inspiring Officers' Councils; Darkest England meeting at night; audience, three thousand. Five hundred dollars. Premier presided. Fredericton, last night; City Hall packed. Lieutenant-Governor proposed thanks, saying that he had had prejudices, but General swept them away.

LONGFELLOW.



TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1894.

THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN.

Hallelujah! The campaign now being conducted by the General is one blessed triumph. Waves of blessing and enthusiasm sweep over the crowds, and work of real eternal value is being accomplished. God bless the General and multiply his successes. Comrades, do not relax your fervent intercession at the Great Father's Throne. Nourish your faith till our mountains of difficulty topple over and are buried in the ocean of God's love.

COMMISSIONER LUCY BOOTH.

We congratulate the Indian Commissioner and Colonel Hellberg most heartily on their approaching union, and pray that it may be abundantly owned and blessed of God.

Says the British Cry: The announcement of the coming marriage of India's Commissioner is one of universal interest to the Army in general and to India in particular. Both parties, considering their years, have long been prominent figures in two important points of the Army's battle ground, and their union will excite the liveliest hopes and best wishes for their future happiness and usefulness in the War. Commissioner Ruhlert took over the practical command of India at a time when it was bristling with opportunity on the one hand and difficulty on the other. She acquitted herself with great credit and success. Colonel Hellberg has virtually been in Sweden, if we may say so, what Commissioner Howard has been in Great Britain. From his Captaincy—ten years ago—when he fought some of the toughest battles on the West Coast, enduring imprisonment rather than compromise his position as a servant of God, right along to his Chief Secretary days—he has been a bulwark of strength to the Swedish War. Though not so well known in England as in Sweden, he is known to the great bulk of the International Staff-officers throughout the world as a man, and as a soldier, from whom greater things are expected. The union has, therefore, all the elements in it which appeal strongly to the Salvationists and will evoke general congratulations. We understand the wedding will take place on the 16th, and immediately thereafter the couple will proceed to India.



The Editor of the "War Cry" and His Bride.

THE INCENDIARY.

We Salvationists have grown so accustomed to the marvellous in our work that events of supreme importance and of thrilling interest to the public generally are allowed to go unchronicled as if of no more than ordinary interest.

The conversion and confession of the Newcastle incendiary is a case in point. It is probable that the War Cry and its readers would have known nothing of this affair had not the Captain, with a praiseworthy desire to help the Cry, in response to our private appeal for interesting incidents of the war, sent up the facts. See page 8.

THE PRICE OF REPENTANCE.

We have a word to say respecting our comrade, McDonald. This man, according to the Newcastle Union Advocate, of Wednesday, August 29th, after giving himself up to the authorities, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to a term of five years in the penitentiary. This is the price he has had to pay for being loyal to God and true to the dictates of his conscience.

We thoroughly believe in law and order. We know that crime cannot, without ruin to the community, be allowed to go unpunished: but in this case the nobility of the motive which prompted our brother, McDonald, to confess his crimes appeals peculiarly to us as a reason for the exercise of that mercy which rejoices against judgment. Representations should at once be made to the proper authorities for an immediate release of the prisoner. Army comrades will doubtless remember McDonald in their intercessions.

THEIR EXCELLENCE.

It is with great pleasure we learn that Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, have honored our representative at Winnipeg by receiving so kindly his address of welcome. We sincerely appreciate this mark of approval of our Army work, and our people will toil for the public weal the more heartily for the gracious words of Canada's Governor-General.

THANK YOU.

Mrs. Booth desires to send word to all those who have enquired so kindly after her baby boy, that he has taken a turn for the better, and is slowly improving. The many letters of sympathy she has received have cheered her heart very much during the hours of keen anxiety.

THE St. John, N.B., Daily Telegraph, of September 19th, has a column of very interesting matter respecting the General and the Army.

PROGRESSIVE CANADA.

After remarking on the many occasions upon which the Commandant has been accorded a public reception at cities in the Dominion by the municipal authorities, the English Cry says:—"Canada sets a noble example to the Mother Country in municipal courtesy."

We agree with our British brethren, and will add that this Dominion is a pattern to Britain in many other things also; for general intelligence and morality, it will be difficult to beat the Canadians.

From English Cry, Sept. 22, '94:

"No join 'em!
Why, what aye think I am!"

"Two AND TWO" TOGETHER.—This from the Melbourne Cry:—Captain Trus left on the "Paramatta" on Monday last for Canada, via England. She will barely reach London in time for the C. P. After a week in the Old Land, she crosses the Atlantic, and her destination, as far as we know, is Toronto. While the Captain is not widely known, she leaves a host of friends in the city, and especially at her corps (Marrickville), who were on hand to wish her God-speed and bon voyage. She shall look for news of her arrival and other interesting events now in prospect in the Canadian Cry.

And this comment thereon from the New York Cry:—"It only remains to be said that in all probability the Captain will be wearing crests on her collar, and that Major Compkin, the esteemed editor of the Toronto Cry, will be at the dock to meet her—for interviewing purposes, of course! 'Nuff said! We shall not forget to tender congratulations at the right time."

And this is a cutting from the Toronto Cry, just to hand:—"There are nine kinds of kisses mentioned in the Bible: The kiss of salutation, Samuel xx.; valediction,

to night, chief man, he would have it was, two men, and the captain did. Of course, I had to. I then shipped for ship when we got there to Australia. Quite accidentally I found out where to job, was engaged and see chief superintendent. Then transferred to T.

UD, AND CATS WERE BOWMENTS." answer, "If you got ried for laziness, and I ace than you." ter in his next station, th Wales. He found y knees in my room, my tears, took hold of "Lord, here I am for ved and congregations der, for the Captain marching up High t our heels to see d to one of the home."

to night, chief man, he would have it was, two men, and the captain did. Of course, I had to. I then shipped for ship when we got there to Australia. Quite accidentally I found out where to job, was engaged and see chief superintendent. Then transferred to T.

Ruth ii.; reconciliation. Samuel xiv.; subjection, Psalm ii.; appropriation, Proverbs ii.; adoration, Kings xix.; betrayal, Matthew xxvi. brotherly love, I. Corinthians xiv. 51; affection, Genesis, xiv. Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept. What he cried for has never been satisfactorily explained, but he probably cried out of joy at finding his "ideal."

The British War Cry thinks the Toronto Cry will have a less uncertain sound in the near future. The "ideal" is approaching.

The Editor thought he had acted moderately cute in respect to a little personal affair, and until the New York Cry exploded the secret, our comrades here were without any suspicion (we confess it was difficult to clade the New Yorker), but this British comment is outrageous. However, he has "jined 'em," and finds it good indeed to, as we used to say, "sit under our own vine and fig tree, none daring lawfully to make us afraid." We have a few regrets sometimes—they are that we tarried so long on the wilderness side of the good land.

WELCOME, GENERAL, TO LINDSAY!

Right heartily do we welcome you, dear General, to the Central Ontario Province, although only for a night, yet no doubt the reception you will receive will give you a keener appetite to get back to us at Barrie, Hamilton, and Toronto the beginning of the New Year.

Our hearts praise God for His goodness to you right down through your experience.

We are very pleased to hear of the grand receptions and great gatherings you have had in Newfoundland and the East, and we sincerely pray your tour right throughout the continent may be blessed of God to the Salvation of multitudes of sinners.

A novel reception is being arranged:— Depot at 6 p.m., two local bands are to be in evidence.

The town lodges are not to be behind.

The citizens and merchants propose decorating their business places on line of march, and it is expected immediately on arrival of the train all the bells in the town will start ringing.

The Brigadier is organizing a party to drive from every corps within a radius of seventy-five miles.

From Provincial Headquarters we purpose securing the service of two or three vans and driving in a body, breaking the journey over night at Uxbridge. Any one desiring to go from Toronto, make application once.

If you desire accommodation, horses, write Ensign Ayre at Grand Old Man.

The drill hall where the hold holds 6,000 people, proceeded to read the following

Headquarters Not

The General's camp only successful.

Mrs. Booth conducts joyous in the good work already accomplished meeting with officers and soldiers in our midst, and the Staff at the Chitche good head of God in the night and week. Also a tea at the Army throughout the world. When the League of Mercy, year on the fiftieth anniversary of your progress of the Army is still more remarkable.

The Commandant's, by God's blessing, be even more with the General.

The General thinks very much in your mighty work, and long he spared to lead forward your troops among the best in the world.

Mrs. Booth and Brigadier, we remain, your sincerely, for Montreal on Friday evening, including those mentioned as being on it.

Ensign Lowry, of Winnipeg, East; Ensign Hughes goes West.

Staff Captain McMillan and Adjutant Miller are in London on behalf of the local Shelter and P. G. H.

Brigadier and Mrs. Margetta have been resting at Goderich.

The Commandant's welcome home on the 23rd in Jubilee Hall.

The Staff change in the East has been postponed till the 14th October.

Opening of London Shelter on Tuesday, 30th.

The Commandant makes tour of Ontario, visiting the district centres for half-nights of prayer and general counsel.

The half-nights of prayer are to be resumed in the Jubilee Hall.

Major Savie Swift, the talented Editor of *All the World*, will shortly visit America, and will join the General in part of his American campaign. Major Swift will make a special study of Auxiliary methods this side the Atlantic.

In a despatch just to hand, Major Read states:—"Learning that Lord and Lady Aberdeen were to visit Winnipeg, we thought we would give them, with other citizens, a right loyal welcome. Consequently, we took our place in the monster procession, our band to the front, last Wednesday night on their arrival at the C. P. R. depot. Then yesterday, we, with others, presented our little address of welcome, and in a most beautiful speech, His Excellency replied to the same, praising the glorious work being done by the Salvation Army and its General. Then Lord and Lady Aberdeen shook hands with each S. A. representative."

THE Montreal Witness mentions a special meeting of the Ministerial Association held in Y. M. C. A. It mentions the names of various ministers present. It was moved that a united meeting should be arranged to welcome the General and honor one whom God has so highly honored. It was decided to invite all the Protestant ministers of the city.

"May the General conquer this new world," prays another paper.

DID YOU NOT EXPECT THEM?

WHAT?

The General's Jubilee Badges.

Stamped in aluminum (does not tarnish), very beautiful. Only 10 cents. Be sure and get one. Wear them when the General comes to your corps. Order quickly for they are sure to sell fast.

The Winnipeg Free Press devotes over a column to a detailed description of the comfortable quarters for the needy in the proposed S. A. Shelter.

MRS. BOOTH

Writes About the League.

ONE THOUSAND AUXILIARIES.

near Officers, Soldiers Auxiliaries.—Having asked by the Commandant to take the eight of the Auxiliary work I gladly do so, "ed by Adjutants" number of members in small, compared to countries.

AND THIS BE?

in sympathizers and

surely is not much for anyone to pay in exchange for the privilege of being a blessing and help to an organization so definitely honored and smiled upon by the Lord, and evidently doing so much to extend the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth.

THEREFORE I ASK YOUR HELP.

I want every officer, soldier and friend to come to my assistance. I am anxious that the number of Canadian Auxiliaries should be raised by the New Year to ONE THOUSAND MEMBERS. My target is fixed, and I ask everyone to help me to achieve it. If any soldier or friend is acquainted with people whom they know to be sympathizers, and will forward their name and address to "Mrs. Booth, Temple, Albert St., Toronto," I shall esteem it a great kindness, and I will write personally and forward a

JAY I AM NEARER MY HOME.

BY COLONEL LAWLEY.

Written by the Colonel on the a.s. "Cartaginians," when crossing the Atlantic.

Time.—"Where do You Journey?" or "Oh, Say, Will You take up Your Cross?"

*I've heard of a City of Splendor,
The gates are of pearl, streets of gold;
The hills ever green, walls of jasper,
Its riches can never be told.
No night there, no sickness, no dying,
Its people they never know care;
No sorrow, no sinning, no sighing,
Oh, what must it be to be there!*

*To-day I am nearer my home, (Repeat)
Just over the way is my mansion,
To-day I am nearer my home.*

*This City will hold every nation,
There's room for the rich and the poor;
But none who refuse this salvation
Shall ever be passed through the door.
In my Father's house there are mansions,
And meetings that never will end;
There are gardens and parks full of fountains,
Eternity there will I spend.*

*The crowds in this City are singing,
The flowers forever will bloom;
The streets with sweet music are ringing,
It's one everlasting clear noon.
The robes they are all snowy whiteness,
The harpers forever will play;
The Lamb that was slain is the brightness,
Its glories can never decay.*

*The blood-washed by millions there gather,
To join in the Royal Parade;
We'll march through the City together,
To pleasures that never will fade.
What welcomes and shoutings up yonder,
When glorified comrades we meet;
The sights, they will fill us with wonder,
Our crowns we will lay at His feet.*

friends throughout the whole Dominion, and the only reason why they have not been added to our list is, in the majority of cases, simply because they have not been asked, consequently our League is small. During my recent tour I have had the pleasure of coming in contact with not a few influential people who thoroughly enter into and appreciate the good work we are doing, and earnestly concur with us; and there is no reason why they should not give expression to their sympathy by joining the Auxiliary League. Five dollars

little pamphlet explaining the whole working of the Auxiliary League. By this means, if all will rally to my aid, and send me a hint about anybody who is known to be interested in the Army, we shall easily reach our goal, and our numbers will swell by the end of the year to

ONE THOUSAND NEW AUXILIARIES.

Praying God may abundantly bless you and give you souls for your hire, Yours in the service of the lost, CORNELIE BOOTH.

Mrs. Booth

— WITH —

THE WOMEN OFFICERS OF THE TORONTO STAFF.

It was a very welcome invitation that the women officers of the Toronto Staff received to take tea with Mrs. Booth, at the Children's Shelter. Only those who have been privileged to be present at these refreshing spiritual gatherings can understand how highly they are appreciated, and looked forward to from time to time. By 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening every wee, sleeping head was safely pillowed in the cribs and cots of the Shelter, whilst the wives of the Staff Officers—who were in the majority—testified that their own little darlings were all snugly tucked away too, and bound for the land of nod, whilst their warrior mothers were free to enjoy the blessed two hours of communion with God and with one another. One cloud, however, dulled the otherwise unbroken enjoyment, for every heart beat in sympathy with Mrs. Booth, whose baby-boy was prostrate with a sudden sharp attack of sickness. In spite of her anxiety Mrs. Booth devoted herself whole-souled, and with heaven-given success to the task of cheering and inspiring her women staff. God took care of the baby, and we rejoice to know he is improving. May the Lord Almighty bless little Ferdinand, and in the years to come make him a mighty man of valor to storm the ramparts of sin. We are confident He will.

ISAAC McDONALD, INCENDIARY.

We quote from the Newcastle Union Advertiser of August 29th, '94:

"Respecting the Craggan property, I don't know what I then said, nor did I care. I told them I didn't know anything about the Craggan barn, or any of them. Have been in jail three times with this time. I was in for making a racket in the Salvation hall; next time, there was a fellow in town by the name of Black, from whom I matched two dollars. He chased me, and I got a paper cut for me and I hit it to him back; was in jail over Sunday. Was in the third time for being drunk. I struck Jim Duff; but from Bathurst. I ran some cars over the dump. Don't know how many. Only ran over the dump. They caught me, but didn't do anything to me, other for hitting a man in the Salvation hall. Paid fifty cents for hitting him. Wasn't charged with hitting Simon Todd-will in the eye. I hit him with a blacksmith's hammer."

TRURO, N. S., Sept. 10th, '94.

Editor "War Cry," Toronto:

DEAR EDITOR,—I do not know how you wished to enroll me as a subscriber to your anecdote column, but I take a way of my own.

When stationed at Newcastle, a convert of a few months standing came to the penitentiary in a holiness meeting. After coming several times he told me that he could not get right with God until he confessed that he was one of the parties who had set fire to a number of buildings in the Craggan property to his conversion. A reward of \$500 (five hundred dollars) was offered at that time for any information that would lead to the arrest of the guilty parties.

After a hard struggle and much prayer, he made up his mind to go, feeling "twenty years in the penitentiary and a clear conscience, would be better than a guilty conscience and having his freedom." He first went and confessed to a gentleman who, with others, had had him up on suspicion, but the lad being unswayed at that time, swore that the gentleman told him to go to the Queen's Council, whose sympathies were so aroused that he said such a confession was not necessary; he sent him to the penitentiary would only know him into worse company that he was sent in. That if he was converted, to go to the matter rest; but rumors of his confession to me and others spread, and some citizens not being satisfied, the lad went and gave himself up of his own free will, and after he was in jail received his warrant for arrest. The incident implicated several others, who were arrested, but were let go after trial, and one

had sent me a telegram the other day, thus: "Captain, I am sentenced five years to Dorchester penitentiary." He has since written that he feels well in his soul.

Will all our comrades pray that God will keep Him true and make him a blessing to the other prisoners.

Yours living for others,
EMMA H. ALLAN, Captain.



Colonel Lawley,
THE ENGINE BOY OF BRADFORD.

God smiled on the village of Foulkes, Norfolk, where John Lawley was born, December 31st, 1859. At the time of his birth, his father was a Christian, and his home a bright and happy one, but Mr. Lawley saw his class leader take a glass of beer one day, and said,

"What my class leader can do I can, he is my example. I will follow."

And he did follow—into the saloon, and from that hour "his religion," says his son, "ended away."

"Father loved me. I was lively and full of mischief, and so good company for him. We sat side by side in the saloon, and drank out of the same pint, and sang the same songs. I shall never forget we sang my father and I used to sing. One line ran: 'There's none like a mother, if ever so poor.'



"As we sang this, my mother would be sitting at home, cold, and tired, and hungry, waiting the return of a drunken husband." This sort of thing went on for fourteen years. The Lawleys then removed to Bradford, York, where the father gave himself to God anew. So did the mother. But Johnny, trained to a life of sin, was not easily won again to God. He was seventeen now, and the world had a strong hold on the gay, social lad. Most of his nights were spent in theatres, saloons, and music-halls. His mother's prayers and tears seemed to have no effect, though they moved him more than he would let them know.

"When you pray on the rug of a Sunday morning, for a lad upstair after a Saturday night's spree, he feels queer. Nearly every morning I used to hear my father pray for me."

One night, as he was wandering down the Westgate, he met a tall finely-built man, who was giving away handbills. Young Lawley went up to him and received a bill, which stated that to-morrow night at Follen's

Theatre there would be a casting out of devils by the power of the Holy Ghost. Go where he would, this singular announcement rang in his ears, all the way to the startling elements of the Salvation Army.

He spent every night of the week before his conversion in more theatre or ale house, and reports himself as being by Sunday, "tired, weary, worn, and wretched."

"Did you realize then, my mother said, 'rough' as you were, that you were tired and wretched, or do you only see it now as you look back?"

"I was really sick of myself then," was the answer; "I wanted to find rest somewhere, and at length I obtained it at the new reform. I think you know the devil had something to do with my conversion."

The Colonel's blue eyes twinkled appreciatively as he thought how far the devil had over-reached himself on that occasion.

"You see, I had signed the pledge before this. The Primitive Methodists were going to have a treat. 'Jack,' I said to my mate, 'we must be in at this.' 'How can we?' said he—'we don't belong.'"

"Then 'well join them,' I said. So we went straight off to the secretary's house and signed the pledge. The treat never came off, but I've kept that pledge ever since. Then Jack and I had a row. I was all alone, and as I was wondering where to spend the day, I heard a voice say, 'Go to Follen's and see what is going on there.' Off I went, and so I sat there, God spoke to me through Mr. (now Colonel) Dowdle. At the close of the first meeting, I was glad to get out, and off I started to find out my old mate's. God stopped, turned me around, and I went across to the theatre, when I got blessedly saved that night.

The news soon brightened John Lawley's home, and reached the factory, where they did their best "to launch Jesus out of his soul" to set him free. Twelve of his mates were saved in a month.

John sat one night by the side of his chosen friend, Ted Lowe, in a hollow meeting.

"We took all in. Down we fell side by side, and settled that this blessing should be ours. As the meeting closed, I turned to Colonel Dowdle and asked him for the key."

"What for?" he asked.

"My answer was, 'We are not going to leave this hall till God sanctifies us!'"

"To this he remarked, 'You need not wait all night. God is prepared to give you what you require now.'"

"After some more praying and a lot of believing, we swung ourselves right into the arms of Jesus. Up we got, hugged each other, kissed each other, shook hands with all in the room, and then parted till the early morning 'Love feast.'"

In April, 1878, John Lawley was sent with Capt. Russell to open Spangmoor.

"Was it a crew to go into the work? It was a pleasure. When I dropped my oil can to the ground, my engine for the last time that Saturday afternoon, I felt as if the millstone had come."

The millstone, however, did not mean for him rest from labor! If the old Irish woman who, hearing him praying in a lane at this hour, at the Lifford, came the whole town! exclaimed, "Well, there are a crew here! I want the whole town!" could have followed the two officers as they turned up their sleeves the Sunday after their opening, and went to work at their week-night hall, she would have thought them willing to work for what was most and drink to them!

"For those weeks we ploughed wood, made seats, whitewashed the hall, cleaned the windows, and preached in the streets at night."

Captains Lawley and Russell received summons for street preaching while here. Two reverends sat on the bench at their trial, and fined them shillings and costs. This having been paid by a friend, they marched straight to the market place, held an open-air, took up a collection, and cleared some shillings on the occasion. This done they marched to the police station, and refreshed their blue-coated friends with

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

"Our hall was packed that night, and we had a good work."

After some hundreds moved here, our comrades were drafted off to Attfield. Next, after helping to open Maxboro', he took command at Jarrow-on-Tyne.

Crowds came to the meetings from the first; but Roman Catholic opposition in this town was such that the hall closed the next week the officers would be killed had it not been for police interference.

Bribe, stone, mud, and sticks, and five cats were favorite arguments of their theological opponents.

The police crowd seemed to hate the very name of Jesus.

At last the officers began to hold prayer meetings at five o'clock every morning. To these meetings you might have seen men and women trudging through ice, snow and cold. God honored their faith and their hard work with a needless waste of strength as it looked to come.

"Lawley," said a friend to him one day, "when you got to heaven you will be tried for committing outside."



"SERVING, STONES, MUD, AND CATS WERE FAVORITE ARGUMENTS."

"Sir," was the ready answer, "if you get to heaven you will be tried for laziness, and I shall stand a better chance than you."

His work was no lighter in his next station, Mountain Ash, in South Wales. He found the corps at a low ebb.

"Then I got on my knees in his room, soaked the chair with my tears, took hold of God in prayer, and said, 'Lord, here I am for Mountain Ash!'"

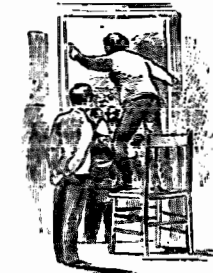
Numbers were soon saved and congregations grew larger. No wonder, for the Captain started at no obstacle.

"One night we were marching up High street with a policeman at our heels to see we did not stand. I said to one of the soldiers:

"Jim, will you lend me your horse?"

"Oh, no," he said.

"In a week, opened the window, swung wide open the door, perched myself on a chair and talked to the people. The poor police-



"THE FOUR POLICEMEN STOOD BY."

men stood by looking blank enough. I shouted, 'Hallelujah!' while he could not say, 'Here I am.'"

"The same spirit of 'prayer and push' started to pursue the soldiers.

"One old man could never wake up to come to kneel-down, on one Saturday night he asked God in earnest to wake him up. Into bed he got, fell asleep, and the next morning at half-past six the bedroom ceiling fell on him. He rose up thanking God he had knocked the ceiling down to wake him up."

(To be continued.)

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THOMAS KNIGHT

(Continued.)



IRISH seen of this brutal, savage life, for in order to hold my position, and not wishing to stay in the force, I left my life, I had to take part in chasing and beating the men.

Three men went over the side in different trunks I mailed in. It was called suicide, but the poor fellows went to get away from the ill-treatment.

I left an American bark in Havre one trip, and joined a Nova Scotian. The captain behaved like a gentleman while in port, but we were hardly out of dock when he threw off the mask and showed the cloven hoof. This man proved a perfect fiend. In a week he had

Licked Every Man Forward.

They were all Scandinavians. He would ship no British or American seamen for obvious reasons.

Except that he had not struck me, I was

the worst treated man in the ship. The idea was to force and abuse me so that I would retaliate on the men.

One evening while receiving my usual dose of abuse, he said I was afraid of the men; to which I replied passionately, "I'm not afraid of you, but I am not paid for thrashing men and running the chance of penitentiary."

I was secretly afraid of the man, but had to fight, and only that all hands, including chief mate and steward hated the shipper, he would have taken an undue advantage, as it was, two men were frightfully used up, and the captain did not show up for a week. Of course, I had to leave the ship.

I then shipped for Calcutta, and quit the ship when we got there, intending to call from there to Australia and give up the sea.

Quite accidentally I heard the East Indian railway were hiring men as firemen or guards. I found out where to go, and applied for a job, was engaged and sent to Jamalpore. There I was employed as a fireman and steam doctor. Then transferred to Toondia as fireman.



Here I was in the midst of the scenes of some of the most atrocious crimes committed by the Sepoys.

In the Indian Mutiny.

After three years the War commenced, and there was a great demand for drivers on the border railways. I was promoted and went to the Punjab Northern, where I helped run the troops to the front. I pulled the 18th Royal Irish from Lahore to Jhelum. They are called the "Death or Glory Boys," and were the fiercest and the toughest crowd of men I had the pleasure of pulling.

When the troops were coming down I was on the Indus Valley State Railway on the Jettabab branch, and was there when the station staff at Sibi were murdered by the Patans.

Our trains were often stopped by them and looted, and all train hands were supplied with a Colt's seven shooter.

The station master at Sibi was a little humbler to remember him well. He was scarcely knee high to a grass hopper, but all grit. The Patans had no picnic with him. Before he passed his checks he sent six to

The Happy Hunting Grounds.

A few years in India made a great change in me. "I said a rolling stone gathers no moss. Well, perhaps it doesn't, but it gets a lot of rough edges and sharp jagged corners rounded off and polished up."

My associations there were far above anything I had previously been accustomed to. It had a tendency to refine and elevate, and created in me a desire to be better and more in keeping with my surroundings, also giving me a practical and experimental opportunity of testing the power of environment for that which had a brutalizing tendency.

Here I had the run of some very fine libraries, and being passionately fond of books, I took advantage of the privilege.

Even a little learning is dangerous, and I think I remember inferring the same of science; but I do not think one or the other fits my case. Though in India I became a student, it wasn't learning, for I had very little of what the world calls learning, having commenced the world's work too young to know anything about Latin Grammar and Greek roots, the first and second entry of book-keeping, but I had read considerably and thought a little.

It was not infidel literature, though I had digested a little; and scientific reading and thought, especially Astronomy always drew me nearer to God.

It was

The Heartless Inhuman Cruelty

of one man to another, the selfish cunning of people professing to be Christians.

(To be continued.)

Proposed tour for Captain and Mrs. Florence—Port Dover, Oct. 12th; Simcoe, Oct. 18th; 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st; Rockwood, Oct. 32nd; Drumbo, Oct. 33rd; Ayre, Oct. 34th; Oak, Oct. 35th; 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th; Guelph, Oct. 51st, 52nd and 53rd; Rockwood, Oct. 54th and 55th; Toronto, Nov. 1st; Brampton, Nov. 2nd; Toronto, Nov. 3rd.

"I MUST OBEY." "I CANNOT REFUSE."



CAPTAIN PENNEY, OF
NEWFOUNDLAND.

HERE do you belong, Captain? What part of the world are you from? Who is your home? These are questions which oftentimes are put to me.

I simply reply, "I am a Newfoundlander. I was born in Carbonear. My parents being good Methodists, did their best to train their children up in the way they should go, but as I grew up, I began to love the world; nothing would delight me more than going to concerts, parties, entertainments, etc. At these places I always took an active part, and as far as a worldly sense went, I enjoyed it immensely.

At last an event transpired which made a change.

A revival broke out in the church to which I belonged. Night after night, numbers were found seeking pardon.

One night, while attending one of these meetings, conviction seized so strongly upon me that my feelings were indescribable, and rising from my seat, passing those who were sitting with me,

I Made for the Mercy-Seat.

I believe God saved me then. For a while things seemed better, but soon I began to realize that I was not what I ought to be. Instead of seeking more of God, I gave up my profession altogether. Of course, I was young and did not understand things like I do now. Now my life began to be sad, although I went to Sunday School, took my place in the church choir, yet I was sad, for I knew I was a backslider. Things went on as usual after this, until a few years after, when the Salvation Army opened fire in our town. When I first heard of their arrival, I declared I would not go to hear them, as I did not believe in them, but at last

Curiosity Drove Me

to go and hear them. It's the old, old story, "I couldn't, and I wouldn't, and I couldn't stay away." At last, at an open-air meeting, conducted by Capt. Kimble and Lieut. Harry Wilson (now in glory), I got saved. I pitched in right away to be whole-hearted. Feathers were discarded, worldly dress laid aside, and in a little while I had become a soldier. Some people thought to influence my parents against my joining the Army, but they were too weak to do that. After doing my best for God as a soldier for over a year, the call came for the field. It was a struggle, but I had to obey.

Just seven years ago to-day, I said goodbye to friends and home and stepped into the field.

Three months at St. John's, Newfoundland, then I was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and sent to open up Little Bay. Difficulties here were legion, but, hallo! hallo! God helped me, and a large number of souls were saved.

Two Who Are Staff-Officers

to-day (Ensign Dowell and Ensign Tilley). I write this to show how God can use the weak ones.

After putting in some months of fighting here, I got orders to don the red band and proceed to Grand Bank. Other places then followed—St. John's, Twillingate, Hunt's Harbor, Bay Roberts, Tilt Cove. Some of these places I remained for nearly twelve months.

Now came the hardest of all. A letter came from Brigadier Jacobs saying I was wanted for Canada. After reading these words, I was at one dumbfounded; when I recovered breath, I replied, "I must go, I cannot refuse."

I will pass over the parting from home and loved ones, hard as it was. God helped me, and in a little while I was

Steaming Away

from all I knew to a land I knew not. In a few days, I had landed on Canadian soil, where I received a warm reception from those warm-hearted Canadians. Only a short time after, word came from Brigadier, saying, "Proceed to Stellarton." I obeyed. God stood by me there, and I saw a few saved. After this, St. John's, I saw a hard fight, and I felt so incompetent, but remembering, "Grace is sufficient," I went forward. God helped me in seeing a few saved and a number added to the roll.



CAPTAIN LIZZIE PENNEY.

Next came Summerside, P.E.I. I have been here over three months; have not seen great victories, but I am doing my best, and am a Salvationist for time and eternity.

TOKE—After the Bell.

A bleeding Victim hanging on the tree,
Dying in agony for you and me;
Thorns pierce His head, His wounds are open wide,
While blood and water flows from His side.
Hear Him now praying, "Father, forgive,
They do not know that by Me they live."
Sinner, oh, listen, hark to His voice,
Will you accept Him and make Him your choice?

CHORUS.

Great was the love of Jesus, great was His love to me,
Great was the love of Jesus in dying upon the tree;
I will forever serve Him, and follow Him all the way,
Then follow with Him in glory throughout eternity.

Awful the darkness now on Calvary's mount,
The sun is hidden, refuses to give light.
Lightnings are flashing, thunders pealing loud,
While on the Cross my Saviour's head is bowed.

"It is now finished," the debt now is paid,
The cup I have drunk, my life down I've laid;
Sinner, oh, listen, Jesus speaks to Thee,
Come now to Him and He will set you free.

CAPTAIN PENNEY.

Our Canadian Correspondent in Ireland

RETURNS TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

St. JOHN'S.—Once more, after a stay of fourteen months in the Old Country, I am inside the Narrows of St. John's, and so glad I am here to share in the joy of greeting our General. For a week past officers have been pouring into the city from all parts of the Island, and in spite of the very great disappointment occasioned by our Commandant's non-arrival, enthusiastic meetings have been held. Twelve or fourteen souls caught the Lord in the risk. One fine looking man, who might well be called a big fish, weighing over 200 pounds, after getting saved himself, came to his wife, and besought her to come out and give her heart to God.

Officers and soldiers jumping and dancing, and praising God. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of a Newfoundland Salvationist, and as I looked at the large platform of officers only (no room for the soldiers who sat in the audience) I was carried back to our great C. P. demonstration. A Salvation Army demonstration that one would not be ashamed of even in London, or in any part of the world.

Now we are looking out for the arrival of our great leader, the General, with eager expectancy, and as the weather is really beautiful

we expect he will be here on time, and when the guns fire, announcing the arrival of the a. a. "Carthaginian" Salvationists will be seen skipping over the hills from all parts of the city to give him a welcome, which, for reality and heartiness, will not be surpassed anywhere.

The last few weeks I spent in England was at Tottenham, where a good work is being done, the roll-call being nearly 300. The grand and glorious work among the Juniors deserves special mention. They have a nice barracks of their own and a band, and number over 200. The Sergeant-Major, Mrs. Pemberton, and the officers are so devoted to their work that they seldom go to a social meeting. Many of the dear children are in uniform. I feel greatly interested in the Juniors, and love to think of the future officers of the Salvation Army, like Timothy, knowing the Scriptures from their youth, thoroughly grounded in all the principles of our glorious Christianity, and not knowing what actual transgression and wilful disobedience against God in Africa and again, I say, God bless the Juniors and their officers!

Major and Mrs. Milos are indefatigable and take a deep interest in this work. They with all other officers who have lived in America, would gladly go back again. Our American and Canadian officers were greatly liked in Great Britain, and made quite a sensation. The meetings in Tottenham, led by Ensign Dowell, will not soon be forgotten. Life and go take anywhere, even among the very sceptic and stolid English people, one lady remarked to me, "We must get some Canadian officers sent here." Well, keep believing; there will be a turn about some day.

Crossing the Atlantic and conversing with the different passengers, I found as I was the only Salvationist on board, I had to contend against a great amount of scepticism and unbelief. One Roman Catholic gentleman, however, borrowed "The Life of Mrs. Booth" and read it through. He said he liked it very much.

MARY F. ELLIS.

Reconciliation.

Bird Island Cove.—After three months' fighting I received orders to pick up and come to the central city for Council with great delight, hoping to see our long-absent beloved General. While stationed here alone God has been with me. I've seen a few souls saved and gained a dozen and some victories in my own soul and have helped a few others who are perplexed.—Lieut. THOMSON.

Catalina.—After casting the net all day, on Sunday we drew in one prisoner. Lieutenant gave his Training Home experience. The place all aglow, with another soul forward. We had with us Lieutenant Thompson from Bird Island Cove, on his way to the General's meeting. Another prisoner came to Jesus and he jipped away to his heart's content.—Captain DOWELL.

RECONCILIATION!

Little Bay, N.B.—Last night the comrades danced and shouted. Captain GLEN, who was paying us a visit, said that he felt something like Billy Bray when he said, "the lane is full of glory." Five souls sought salvation. When we thought of the fact that the angels were rejoicing in heaven, hands and feet, heart and tongue went at it with all their powers. The question came how many were going to be recruits? Five volunteered.—Captain SLOAN.

Summerside, P.E.I.—Harvest Festival now is over, and after hard pulling, thank God, we have reached our target, 350. Some of the soldiers did well, but Brother Cole was the head. The friends came to our help nobly. We are now under farewell orders, so this appears in print we will (D. V.) have gazed into the face of our beloved General. It will be good to be there.—Capt. FARRER, Lieut. McLEAN.

WHAT ABOUT THE NEW BIBLE with S. A. PSALTER?

A NEW BIBLE?

No, of course, it is the good old Bible, but in new binding, and bound with it is the

REGULATION SONG BOOK.

Best leather binding, silk sewn, India paper.

Only 4 x 5 1/2 inches and one inch thick.

PRICE \$3.50.

UNAVAILABLE - FOR - OFFICERS.

Work Wanted.—Will any employers of able men who can give employment to some steady, industrious joiners, machinists, apply to Brigadier de Bury at once, corner of Lippincott and Thayer streets.



Sergeant Phillips sends word from the Labrador Coast that, although the fishing robes are not prosperous, and the prospects not very bright, like God's servant of old, he can rejoice in the Lord. At the time of his writing, he said they were among plenty of ice and fog. They could not get through the ice so they tied their vessel fast to a piece of ice, not knowing that there were any more vessels tied to the pan; but when the fog cleared away, they could see six more tied to the same pan. There were eight of our comrades on board the vessel, and so they got together and held a meeting on board one of them, and had the joy of seeing three souls saved.

Brampton.—Our Harvest Festival was a success. Five souls came to the Cross and cried for mercy. Our enemy rages.—Capt. TINKER, Lieut. PRATT.

Moosomin.—Our officers will soon be leaving. The WAR CRY still well; it is difficult to get one on Sunday, or even on Saturday night. There are but a few soldiers here; there will be an increase soon. Three to be enrolled. Will walk the people up yet.—HARRY JOHNSON.

Morton's Harbor.—Sinners are being converted. During the last fortnight, five sinners have given their hearts to God, and we believe will make blood-and-fire soldiers; also a number of other hardened sinners who have been over by the love of Jesus.—Capt. HOLMES, Cadet TILLEY.

Richmond Street.—Still having grand time here. We had a fine day on Sunday, from seven o'clock till night. Large open air and big march at night. When we got to the barracks, we found a great crowd waiting. Two souls out of the fountain.—Brother ALLEN for Capt. WISEMAN.

St. John III.—On Monday night we went in for a soul-saving time under the leadership of Mrs. Staff Capt. Howell and Mrs. Major Cooper. The power of God settled on the people in such a manner that many of the crying power, one surrendered to God, and rose to testify that God had moved in.—LEAH HENLEY.

Carlisle, N.B.—Harvest Festival was a success. The good people of Carlisle came to our help nobly. Our target was \$20, but we raised \$20. Capt. Dyne and Lieut. Limerick helped decorate our barracks, and Capt. C. Allen proved an efficient auctioneer. Edna Mathews and a cadet favored us with their presence, also Capt. Foy. Edna Elery represented the R. Home Home.—Capt. HAYES and Lieut. FRASER.

Kentville, N.S.—Some very good meetings; one getting ardent; almost sanctified; the Captains growing fat; the crowd looking better; the wagon has a new set of wheels, and a good coat of paint; converts get along well, even the convert who is only a few feet high seems to be prospering. Our picnic was a grand success. A visit, which Captain Jennings and his new wife, assisted by Sergeant Bell, of St. John, was enjoyed by all.—W. A. N.

Brookville.—The people must have wondered what it all meant to hear the shouts from the comrades as we marched, and really we did not help shouting when we saw our comrades. "I told it to him, it did not stir him; the others who have been backing back part of the price, have settled it. Good day, Sunday. One soul. Every body looking forward to the coming of our General, and ready to give him a proper welcome.—LILLIE M. LINDEN.

Newcastle, N.B.—We have had the joy of seeing one brother come to God, although it is not yet saved while kneeling at the patient form, because he thought he was too far for the Lord to save, yet he trusted and returned the next night to give God the glory for saving his soul all away.

Tuesday night. Mrs. Bradley and Capt. Jennings with Lieut. Capt. and Mrs. Bower gave the Little Fannie to God, and we pray that God may abundantly bless both parents and child.—SECRETARY.

Port Hope.—Sunday was a blessed day. We have been busy with Harvest Festival. We were 10 to 15 miles out in the country among the farmers collecting. The Lord bless them; you would say so if you seen our Army of eggs, beside bags of potatoes, apples, flour, butter, honey. Some we missed ailing on were almost offended. We went away above our target.

Our musical meeting and sale on Monday night was of grand.—Lieut. RICHMOND for Capt. BRADY.

Owen Sound.—We are believing that the two nights will bring the people to the harvest again. We have lost our target; she has gone to the top of the mountain. The last Sunday she was for a much-needed rest. The next day she was with us, and the afternoon meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall. The Salvation Army went there by invitation. Our Harvest Festival is past. Mrs. Margate for Sunday and Monday. We did not get our target, but we did the best we could. We were very glad to help Capt. R. BERTON.—MR. STEPHENSON, S. C.

Lugar Street.—Glorious times. Outside and indoor meetings on Sunday afternoon at Dufferin Park. Men trembling on our feet, sin, never seemed to understand God's Word before, only hoping they were all right. Arrived at General's camp home on Sunday. Hallelujah! General's three cheers. God bless the Army everywhere! The latest. An old man of eighty-three years got saved here leaving our Sunday night meeting, and then he marches, and speaks for God's glory and, though very feeble and weak in body.—Sgt. Mrs. STECKEL, R. C.

Uxbridge Visited by the Naval Brigade.

A ROUSING TIME—BARRACKS JAMMED—HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY—SEVENTY-FIVE SOULS.



6:30 p.m. we met again for open-air. At the meeting inside. Now the crowd was so immense that hundreds were turned away. It was full of spirit and life. Two held up their hands expressing their desire to become Christians. Such a crowd has not been witnessed in Uxbridge for years.

PORT PRATT was the next in line, arriving in good time for dinner. The officers not being at home, we broke into the quarters and inhaled up something to eat. In spite of every difficulty, we marched out to our open-air stand. The Jack Tars soon attracted the attention of the people, and a large crowd assembled around our open-air. Returning to the barracks, we found a good crowd. People who were never in a Salvation Army meeting before came to see and hear us. One woman made the remark as she passed out, that there wasn't a thing done or a word said in the meeting, what the angels could say soon to us.

LONDON was the next to be visited. Spent two days here. Tuesday night, we only out for an open-air. Crowds gathered around. Sunshine sang. The Jack Tars went through their drill, marched off to the meeting, announcing the meetings as we marched. Good crowd inside. Two held up their hands for our prayers.

Wednesday afternoon, we held an open-air and march around the principal streets, with cornet, euphonium, bass, tenors, and drums, the whole town being aroused.

Thursday, in spite of the rain, we went out for a march. Good came near, and one soul was found at the mercy-seat.

Friday we heard the eleven o'clock train for ONTARIO. This is rather a hard job, but there are few faithful soldiers here who mean to stick. Next MIDDLESBROUGH. Capt. Ledwith has got things in good shape here. Captain McDonald and Captain Cameron, from Peterboro', joined us, and drove us to Peterboro' after the meeting, the distance of twenty miles.

PETERBORO'. Saturday at eleven a.m. we marched. Bring market day.

A large crowd flocked around our open-air. Collection, \$13.20. Sunday, a day of power. The crowds rushed to our open-air and meetings. At 2:30 p.m. we rallied for a march. The Naval band accompanied with the Peterboro' band. Three gigantic crowds pressed their way into the barracks, which is capable of holding seven hundred people. The throngs listened eagerly. The message of mercy was dealt out in plain, unmistakable language. Seven held up their hands for our prayers. 6:30 p.m., Staff Captain Jover conducted a battle for souls. Barracks crowded. 110 soldiers on the platform. Staff Captain dealt most earnestly with the sinner. One soul. Collection for the week-end, \$43.

AFTER a most successful trip around the West, we started for the East, rejoicing over seventy-five souls being brought to the Lamb of God.

STOCKVILLE was the first place on the route.

Uxbridge. Saturday and Sunday are days long to be remembered by the Salvation Army here. Kneel-drill and holiness meeting were times of blessing and refreshing in the open-air, the crowds lined the streets. The town was stirred from corner to corner.

At 2:30 p.m. the crowds filled the barracks, many standing. The Jack Tars seized the opportunity of doing good. Sinners felt their guilt, that hundreds were turned away. It was full of spirit and life. Two held up their hands expressing their desire to become Christians. Such a crowd has not been witnessed in Uxbridge for years.

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The Naval Brigade, as it left Toronto.

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E. B. SCOBELL, E. C.

St. John, N.B.—Harvest Festival has been the order of the day down in this part of the world. For six years was a week late with the Lord's day, and three days of special meetings.

At the last moment it was found almost impossible for the Brigadier to get away; the pressure of work at Headquarters was so great. So your humble servant, accompanied by Captain Frim, of Fairville, three of his band boys, and Lieut. Smith (more properly known as "Davy"), had to start off without him.

At Middlem Junction we had an hour or so to wait, to make connection, and discovered a couple of cages of bears. Lieut. Smith no longer confined himself to the hungry members by plying them with ginger marmalade, but devoured, bag and all. The band then played some sweet strains whilst the people and I listened. Our train whizzed in, we scrambled on board, and were once more off.

"St. Stephen's" sang out the voices of the brassband. We gathered up our traps and were soon making heads with Esquire Andrews and hearing all about the war. Found Lieut. Piercy and Capt. Davis, from Colaba, at the barracks busy preparing for the evening. At night there was a fair crowd.

Sunday morning, raining; seven at kneel-drill. Had a blessed time. Holiness meeting grand.

"By their robe high as a mountain," went with a swing. I assure you, St. Stephen folks can sing when they want to. Afternoon meeting, beautiful. We had been singing, "The heavenly gates are blowing."

How we pleaded with the people, but they would not yield. I don't know how anybody else felt, but I was almost desperate; didn't know what to do.

Monday morning, went over to "the land of the free" and admired the beauty of Colaba. In the afternoon there was a gathering of the Glee at the barracks to partake of the luxuries provided by our kind friends. The band came more to the front, went out to beat up converts. After the banquet and open-air we reassembled for our first meeting. The glory came down at last. The singing was the best I've heard for a long time, carried you somewhere near the gates of heaven. Captain Frizzle read from God's Word. The invitation was given. Out by an seven came and knelt for mercy. Then the dear Lord! How we did thank Him! I think the majority, if not the whole were good ones. The prayer and praise meeting lasted till nearly train time (or we had to travel back to St. John that night). It was peeling with rain, but there was sunshine in our hearts.

On the way home a commercial traveller (a backslider) was helped into the night and liberty. He had been touched the preceding night by hearing Capt. Frizzle sing.

"He gave himself a reason," in the open-air, and asked him to sing it again on the train, and it was, in God's hands, the means of his restoration.

We felt rather weary when the train steamed in next morning about seven o'clock, but, oh, so glad that we had the joy of working for Jesus.—EMIGRA GALT.

Norwood has been termed a hard nut to crack, but through the strength and power of God it is being cracked. Sinners are getting saved. In our little cottage prayer meetings, the Spirit of God is being so poured out upon us that we have to shout and praise God for

the joy of seeing three precious souls crying to God.

Harvest Festival next. Nearly everyone tried to discourage us by saying, "You will never hit your target," which was \$15. Nevertheless, we went in, determined, if plenty of hard work, praying, and believing would bring it, why we would have it; so we were rejoicing over the sum of \$15.50. Esquire McDonald did good service in selling the things.—Capt. BRICKSTAD.

Morrisburg.—While we were busy cleaning lamps and sweeping the barracks, a poor old drunkard wandered in and asked the Lieutenant to sing for him, and as he sang,

"There's a hand that is fairer than day,"

he said, "Oh, I would like to get there." We all sang and prayed with him. He handed Lieutenant ten cents, and said, "I'm coming back again; I want to hear you sing, and I'll pay you for it, too." We pray that he may come to Jesus. We were pleased to have Capt. and Mrs. Lertier with us. Capt. Oeder, who has worked very hard and succeeded in getting our barracks "converted," is now going for a few weeks on a well-earned, well-deserved, and much needed rest. She has many friends. Bureau, with every soldier, this injunction:

"Hold the fort while I am resting, God is with you still,"

and the answer we have waved back to her, "By God's grace we will."

—ETHEL WHITTAKER.

Nanaimo, B. C.—Although a week behind the rest of our Western comrades, we venture to say that our Harvest Festival preparations were entered into with just as much enthusiasm. In good time the city was well canvassed, and although the financial depression is severely felt here, especially among the business people, we are happy to record that our comrades were not once turned away with an unkind or harsh refusal. The storekeepers, almost without exception, donated gifts of cash or kind, and garden produce in abundance was given by the working people. The *Nanaimo Free Press* was very kind in inserting locals every night.

Our barracks looked beautiful. A few of the soldiers had worked all day, decorating and arranging the gifts that were continually being sent in. The people here are indeed big-hearted. As we looked at the offerings so generously donated, and amongst them the fruit, vegetable, etc., which were God's handiwork, our hearts responded to that beautiful text so appropriately placed overall, "Offer unto God thanksgiving."

The meetings were good right from the commencement. Saturday night march headed by three gladiators, picturesquely dressed. Crowds listened, and some followed to the barracks. The inside meeting was led by Captain Patton. Suitable songs were sung, and testimonies given from soldiers.

On the night of Sunday, some of them unsaved, came up to kneel-drill, and was a beautiful time. The holiness meeting was in spirit a continuation of the kneel-drill. An old time free-and-easy in the afternoon. The night meeting will not soon be forgotten by many. As the solemn question, "Which will it be with your soul?" was put to the people, some who had trifled with the opportunities were brought face to face with the terrible realities of the future.

Monday, the closing night of our Festival, had been well announced, and a good crowd came up. After the second night meeting, the things were sold by auction, one of the bandmen ably filling the office of auctioneer. Ice cream and cake were supplied for the small sum of fifteen cents, the only drawback to the program being that the ice-cream ran out before everybody was served, but they all looked so good-natured and pleased that it was hard to tell who had come short.

Every thing was sold, and when the amount raised was counted up we found that Nanaimo had cleared no less than \$87.85.

NOTES. The "Black Diamond" city does not boast of many waving corn-fields within its limits, but the solitary sheaf of wheat that found its way to the Harvest Festival was captured and kindly donated in—of all unlikely places—the *Free Press* printing office.

The Y. M. C. A. very kindly gave us the use of their organ during our special meetings.

The doll that was in the admiration and wonder of the little girls, and reposed gracefully in a rocking chair at the top of the platform, was previously sent from Victoria to St. John. Annie Kelly was a Harvest Festival gift.

"No stone left unturned." Very true. One storekeeper offered a sack of flour to two ladies who were begging, but on conditions that they took it with them. Sailing the action to the word, nothing daunted, they each took a corner of it and marched off.—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

RECONCILIATION!

RECONCILIATION!

TUNE—Cleansing for me. (B.J. 45.)

1 Millions are dying in blackest despair,
Just through the drink;
Losing their hopes of that country so fair,
Just through the drink;
Good resolutions are all put to flight,
Many a Christian gives up in the fight,
Bright days of sunshine has turned into night,
Just through the drink.

Children are starving and walking the street,
Just through the drink,
With scarce any clothing or shoes for their feet,
Just through the drink;
Their parents are drinking and wasting their life,
Living in anguish, misery, and strife,
Peace is a stranger between man and wife,
Just through the drink.

How many hearts have been robbed of their joy,
Just through the drink,
How many souls has the devil destroyed,
Just through the drink;
Millions have gone through that one social glass,
Unheeding the warning we give as they pass,
Rush madly onward till doom comes at last,
Just through the drink!

Hark! 'tis the voice of the Lord saying come,
Come, come away,
Turn to Him now, He will welcome you home,
Come, come away;
Come, for the time it is flying very fast,
He's waiting to save and forgive all the past,
And give you a mansion in heaven at last,
Come, come away.

TUNE—There is sweet rest in heaven. (B. J. 174 S.M.L. 321.)

2 Come, sinner, look to Calvary,
Where Christ was crucified,
To purchase your redemption
He bowed His head and died;
He gave His life to save you
And to free you from your sin,
Oh, give yourself now to Him
And He will take you in!

CHORUS.

There is pardon now for you,
There is pardon now for you;
To the Cross now come,
For He cast out none,
There is pardon now for you.

Your days are quickly flying,
And you are drawing near
The time when God will call you
For judgment to appear;
Then you will hear the sentence—
Depart from Me away,
Unless you now give up your sin
And in earnest begin to pray.

ESSON M. RENNIE.

TUNE—Home, sweet home. (B.J. 54.)

3 Oh, the lost souls about us who are longing
For help,
For deliverance from sin and for victory o'er
self!
They have oft tried to conquer the tendencies
toward wrong,
But still in sin's thralldom day by day they
march on.

CHORUS.

Souls, souls, lost, lost souls!
Who'll help us to rescue
These precious, blood-bought souls.

Human wrecks all around us, lives blighted
by sin,
Hearts almost despairing, all darkness within;
The devil's allurement how enchanting they
seem.
But they prove, sadly prove it is all but a
dream.

Thank God, there is mercy and hope for the
lost,
Hope purchased by Jesus at such a great
cost;
Repentance and faith will deliverance claim,
Deliverance through Him Who on Calvary
was slain.

Now, comrades, let us sing out the message
of love,
Receive day by day grace and help from
above,
To rescue from sin, from bondage and gloom,
These sin-burdened souls hastening on to the
tomb.

CHIT. C. A. PENNY, Hopewell Cape, N.B.

TUNE—Cleansing for me. (B.J. 45.)

4 Glory to God! I am happy to say,
Thank God I'm saved!
Jesus has taken my sins all away,
Thank God I'm saved!
Though I was sunk deep down into sin,
Bound fast by Satan without and within,
Yet when I came, Jesus took me right in;
Thank God I'm saved!

"ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESU'S NAME."

"FIGHT THE GIANTS,"

— WAS —

The General's Last Message

To the British Wing of the Salvation Army. He has Come Over
Here to Carry Out Practically that Advice.

The Campaign is a Series of

MAGNIFICENT -- TRIUMPHS!

THE MASSES CROWD IN THOUSANDS TO HEAR THE FATHER OF THE
SALVATION ARMY.

DON'T MISS THIS UNIQUE PRIVILEGE.



THE GENERAL

Continues His East Canada Campaign as

Follows:

KINGSTON,	October 13th and 14th
PICTON,	October 15th
DESERONTO (morning),	October 16th
BELLEVILLE (night),	October 16th
PORT HOPE (afternoon),	October 17th
LINDSAY (night),	October 17th
PETERBORO (afternoon and night),	October 18th

HE WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY

COMMANDANT and MRS. BOOTH,

Our Chief Officers,

COLONEL LAWLEY, the Veteran,

THE PROVINCIAL SECRETARIES and Many Others.

LET NOTHING PREVENT YOU SEEING AND HEARING THE GENERAL.

Now, people tell me I'm cranky to say,
"Thank God I'm saved!"
Or that I live to please God every day,
Thank God I'm saved!
But I don't care, for I'm happy and free,
His Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
And best of all I know Jesus loves me,
Thank God I'm saved!

Dear sinner friend, come and give up your sin,
Come and get saved!
Jesus can cleanse you and then keep you
clean,

Come and get saved!
If you're a drunkard, oh, come to my Lord!
If you're a doubter, believe in His Word,
If you're backslidden, oh, come be restored!
Come and get saved!

EMIL STRECKEL, Salvation Lighthouse, Montreal.

TUNE—Shout aloud salvation, boys. (B. J. 2.)

5 Come along, ye sinners, who have heard
the joyful sound
Of a Christ and Saviour, where true pleasure
do abound:
Come and kneel down at the Cross, where
many souls have found
A Saviour Who will lead to glory.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, we bring the jubilee.

If you know the joy and peace there is in
serving God,
From this moment you would sacrifice all
worldly fraud,
And before your soul is laid to rest beneath
the sod,
You'd rise and make a start for glory.

When you've been to Jesus, and the Lord has
pardoned you,
And you're fighting in the ranks of the yellow,
red and blue,
Don't forget to pray in earnest for some
brother, too,
If he should be marching to glory.

MRS. PAUL, Woodstock.

TUNE—Victory for me. (B.J. 43.)

6 Onward, soldiers, ever onward,
"Victory" shall our motto be;
We shall conquer in the battle,
And a glorious triumph see.
Courage, forward, march along,
News proclaim of full salvation,
Turning sadness into song,
Spreading hope in every nation.

CHORUS.

Faithful ever, nought can sever,
If we united stand and sing,
God will bless till righteousness
shall fill the land.
Victory for me through the blood of Christ
my Saviour,
Victory for me through the precious Blood.

Onward, soldiers, ever onward,
Keep the Gospel banner bright;
Toll of Jesus and of cleansing,
And of free salvation light.
Never let thy faith grow small,
Light and blessing shall surround you;
God will never let you fall,
Grace abundant shall abound to you.

Onward, soldiers, ever onward,
Armed with truth's increasing might;
Soon an endless day of triumph
Shall our longing souls delight.
Soon our weapons we'll lay down,
With the raptured rest forever,
Wear a never fading crown,
Dwell with Christ beyond the river.

ALBERT VASS, Guelph, Can.

TUNE—We'll all shout hallelujah (B.B. 74.)

7 We are soldiers brave and true,
Marching on the good old way;
We are fighting for the blessed King of Kings;
The fight we're sure to win,
For we never will give in,
But we'll hold our own with Satan in the field.

CHORUS.

Victory, victory is our motto,
Marching on the good old way;
By the living Lord, we're led,
With His precious manna fed,
By His grace we'll conquer over every foe.

Deep in sin we may have been,
And the broad way we've rolled in;
But the Saviour washed away the sinful past;
Then He gave us peace and joy,
Which the world cannot destroy,
And we'll serve Him till we hear the trumpet
blast.

Sinner, Jesus speaks to you,
He can save and keep you, too,
He has power to wash away your every stain;
There is pardon through the blood,
Will you now come to your God?
Then with the King of Glory you shall reign.